The Young and Field LITERARY READERS

Book Three

1945

"THERE SAT IDUN WITH HER BEAUTIFUL HAIR FALLING OVER HER SHOULDERS" (page 127)

THE YOUNG AND FIELD LITERARY READERS

Book Three

BY

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AND

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A SHORT TALK WITH THE CHILDREN

In this book we shall read some of the old stories that children, for hundreds of years, have loved to hear. We call them folk tales.

There are some that fathers and mothers in Europe have told to their children as they gathered around the fireplace, at bedtime, in their homes beyond the sea.

There are some that have been told to little Indian boys and girls as they sat before their wigwams, at night, and looked up at the stars twinkling over the tops of the dark pine trees.

There are some from the Northland — Norse stories, they are called — that tell of giants and monsters and wonderful beings who never lived at all, but whom the people of the Northland believed in many hundreds of years ago. These stories were told by Norse mothers to their children, up among the forests of Norway, while the fathers were away upon the sea.

Then we shall have some Greek stories, that are older still. Boys and girls who lived in the sunny land of Greece heard them at their mothers' knees, and learned to repeat them, ages and ages ago.

Then you will find a group of stories from the Bible — stories that are even older than the Greek, and that were told to little Hebrew boys and girls in the land of Israel, so long ago that we have almost lost trace of the time.

After these are a group of stories by Hans Andersen, one of the later story-tellers, and one of the greatest that ever lived.

Between the groups of stories you will find many beautiful little poems about play, and about home, and about animals and birds and flowers, and about our country and our flag. Many of them you will want to learn, and you will want to learn them so well that you will never forget them.

ABOUT THE SOUNDS OF THE LETTERS

You have learned the sounds of the letters, and can generally tell by the looks of a word how to pronounce it. But sometimes a word is n't pronounced just as it is spelled, and sometimes you will meet with a new word that you are not quite sure about. So we have placed at the end of each lesson all the words that are likely to give you any trouble, and have put marks over some of the letters that will tell you how to pronounce them.

A little curved mark over the letter (ă) means that it has the *short* sound, as in căn, măd, măn. A straight mark over it (ā) means that it has the *long* sound, as in cāne, māde, māne. You have learned that each of the letters a, e, i, o, u, and y has a short and a long sound. Now these two marks will tell you which it is.

ă is like a in fat	ĭ is like i in it	ŭ is like u in up
ā is like a in name	ī is like i in ice	ū is like u in use
ĕ is like e in bed	ŏ is like o in not	ў is like y in baby
ē is like e in here	ō is like o in rope	ȳ is like y in fly

o͝o is like oo in foot o͞o is like oo in food

When a word has more than one syllable, you pronounce one of the syllables more strongly than the others. This is called accent, and the accented syllable is shown by a little mark like this (′), as bed′room, in deed′, trav′el ing, po ta′to. Now if we use the short and the long marks also, the words will look like this: bĕd′ro͞om, ĭn dēed′, trăv′ĕl ĭng, pō tā′tō.

These three marks are all that we shall use in this book. We shall tell you about the others in Books Four and Five.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The eight selections from Robert Louis Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verses"; "The Rock-a-By Lady," "So, So, Rock-a-By So," from Eugene Field's "Love Songs of Childhood," "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod," from "With Trumpet and Drum," and "One, Two, Three," from H. C. Bunner's Poems, are used by arrangement with Charles Scribner's Sons. T. B. Aldrich's "Marjorie's Almanac" and Celia Thaxter's "Spring" are used by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company; Susan Coolidge's "How the Leaves Came Down" and Emily Dickinson's "Out of the Morning," by permission of Little, Brown, and Company; Gilbert L. Wilson's Indian tales from "Myths of the Red Children," by permission of the author.

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THE YOUNG AND FIELD

LITERARY READERS

BOOK THREE

STORIES FROM GRIMM

WHO THE GRIMM BROTHERS WERE

"Uncle George," said Alice one evening, as she climbed into her uncle's lap, "where do all the fairy stories come from?" Uncle George knew almost everything. Alice felt sure that he could tell her.

"Well," said Uncle George, "somebody made them up, I suppose."

"But who made them up?" asked Alice. "Did the Grimm brothers make them up?"

"No, Miss Question Mark, the Grimm stories are folk tales. Nobody knows who made them up. They are hundreds of years old. Your mother told some of them to you when you were a very little girl. Your grandmother told them to your mother when your mother was a little girl."

"Oh, dear!" said Alice. "That was a long time ago."

"Yes, but that is n't anywhere near the beginning. Mothers have been telling these same old

stories about the Queen Bee, and Hans in Luck, and Snow White and Rose Red to their children for — nobody knows how long. In the old days when people began to tell them, everybody believed in fairies. We know better than that now, but the stories are so good that we like to hear them still."

"But how did the Grimm brothers get so many of them, and who were the Grimm brothers, anyway?" asked Alice.

"That is an interesting story in itself," said Uncle George. "Jacob and William Grimm lived in an old town across the sea a hundred years ago. They loved books and had a room full of them, which they kept together, and which they used to read and study. But they could not find in any of their books the fairy tales which their mother and some of their old friends had told them. That seemed too bad, because they both thought those stories were as good as any in the books. 'Let us gather together all the old fairy tales which we can find and make a book of them,' said one to the other. So it was agreed. But where do you suppose they found them?"

"THE ONE WHO HELPED THEM MOST"

"That is easy," said Alice. "They remembered them."

"They remembered some of them, but there were others which they had never heard. So they traveled through the country and talked with the old men and women. When they found a man or

woman who knew any of these old stories, they asked to hear them. Then they wrote the stories down in a book."

"That must have been fun," said Alice.

"It was fun. The one who helped them most was a country-woman about fifty years old. She had large bright eyes and knew more stories than you can think. She remembered all that she had ever heard. She loved to tell them, and the Grimm brothers loved to hear them. They wrote them down as fast as she told them. Sometimes they asked her to tell them again, but she always told them the same way. Many other people helped the Grimm brothers to find these old folk tales. At last they gathered together two hundred of them and put them in a book. That is what we call Grimm's Tales."

"Papa gave me a book with some of them in it last Christmas," said Alice. "I like them."

"So do I," said Uncle George.

Grĭmm	quĕs′tion	fōlk	ĭn′ter ĕst ĭng
Ger′măn y̆	a grēed′	re mĕm′bered	pēo′ple

THE QUEEN BEE

JACOB AND WILLIAM GRIMM

Two princes once set out to see the world. They soon grew wild and careless and never went home again. So their youngest brother, who was called Dummling, went to look for them. After a long time he found them. They made fun of him because he was so simple and because he thought he could make his way in the world as well as they. But all three traveled on together.

As they traveled they came to an ant hill. The two older brothers would have torn it up, to see the little frightened ants run about with their eggs, but Dummling said: "Let them live. I will not let you hurt them."

They traveled a little farther and came to a lake. On this lake were swimming many, many ducks. The two older brothers would have caught a pair of them and cooked them, but Dummling would not allow it. He said: "Let them live. I will not let you kill them."

After a time they came to a bees' nest. There was so much honey in it that the honey ran down the tree where the nest was. The two older brothers would have made a fire under the tree and smoked out the bees, to get the honey. But Dummling stopped them again, saying: "Let them live. I will not let you burn them."

At last the three brothers came to a castle. In the stable were some stone horses. Not a man was to be seen. The brothers went through all the rooms of the castle until, at the farthest end, they came to a door with three locks upon it. In the middle of the door was a little hole through which they could see into a room. There they saw a little gray man sitting at a table. They called him once, twice, but he did not hear them. They called him the third time. Then he got up, unlocked the three locks, and came out. Not a word did he say, but he led them to a well-spread table, and when they had eaten and had drunk he took each of them to a bedroom.

The next morning the little gray man went to the oldest brother, beckoned to him, and led

"THE LITTLE GRAY MAN . . . LED HIM TO A STONE TABLET ON WHICH WERE WRITTEN THREE TASKS TO BE DONE"

him to a stone tablet on which were written three tasks to be done. Whoever would do these tasks which were written, would free the castle from a spell.

The first was this: under the moss in the forest were a thousand pearls belonging to the princesses. These were to be picked up before sunset. If, at that time, one pearl were missing, the person who had looked for them should be changed into stone.

The eldest brother went out and looked all day, but at sunset he had found only a hundred pearls. So that which was written on the tablet came to pass. He was changed into stone.

Next day the second brother tried. He did not have much better luck than the eldest, for he found only two hundred pearls. So he was changed into stone.

At last came Dummling's turn. He looked in the moss, but the pearls were hard to find, and he got along very slowly. So he sat down upon a stone and cried. As he was sitting there the ant-king whose life he had once saved came up

with five thousand ants. Soon
had gathered all the pearls toge
them in a heap.

The second task was to get the
cesses' bedroom out of the lake.
ling came to the lake, the ducks
once saved swam up to him, di
water, and brought him the key.

The third task was the hard
pick out the youngest and pretti
princesses while they were asl
looked just alike. The only wa
before they went to sleep the
a piece of sugar, the second a
the youngest a spoonful of hon
of the bees that Dummling h
fire flew in and tasted the
At last she lighted upon t
who had
the righ

Then
— even
Dummli

HANS IN LUCK

JACOB AND WILLIAM GRIMM

I

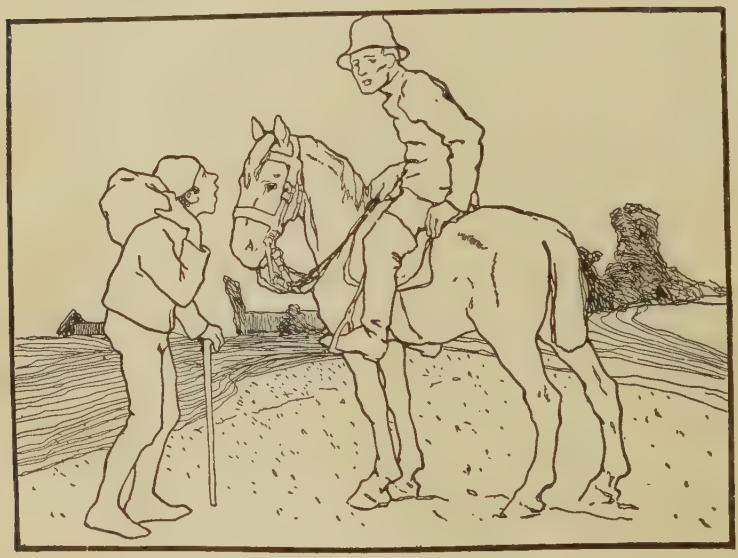
Hans had worked for his master seven years. At the end of that time he said: "Master, my time is up. Now I should like to go home to my mother. Give me my pay."

His master answered: "You have worked well and fairly. As your work has been, so shall your pay be." Then he gave Hans a piece of gold as big as his head. Hans took his handkerchief out of his pocket, wrapped the lump in it, put it on his shoulder, and set out on his way home.

As he went along, putting one foot before the other, a man came in sight, trotting quickly and merrily on a high-stepping horse. "Ah!" said Hans, quite loud, "what a fine thing it is to ride! There you sit as if you were in a chair. You fall over no stones. You save your shoes. You move along almost without knowing it."

The horseman, hearing him, stopped and cried out, "Hello, Hans, why do you go on foot?"

"I must," answered Hans, "because I have this lump to carry home. It is gold, to be sure, but I can't carry my head straight, because of it. Then, besides that, it hurts my shoulder."



"I CAN'T CARRY MY HEAD STRAIGHT, BECAUSE OF IT"

"I will tell you what!" said the horseman. "We will trade. I will give you my horse and you can give me your lump."

"With all my heart!" said Hans. "But I can tell you, you will have to creep along with it."

The horseman got down, took the gold, and helped Hans up on the horse. He then put the reins into his hands and said, "If you wish to go fast you must click your tongue and cry, 'Get up! get up!'"

Hans was happy when he found himself sitting upon the horse and riding away, so brave and free. After a while he thought he should like to go a little faster. So he began to click his tongue and to cry, "Get up! get up!"

The horse set off at a quick trot, and before Hans knew what he was about, he was thrown head over heels into a ditch which was between the fields and the road. The horse would have run away if it had not been stopped by a farmer who came along the road driving a cow.

Hans picked himself up and stood on his legs again. But he was cross, and said to the farmer: "This riding is a poor joke when one gets hold of such a beast as this. It kicks and throws you off, so that you almost break your neck. Never again will I ride it! Now, I like your cow. One can walk quietly behind her, and can have,

besides, milk, butter, and cheese every day. What would I not give for such a cow!"

"Well," said the farmer, "if it would please you so much, I will exchange the cow for the horse." Hans agreed, with a thousand thanks. The farmer jumped upon the horse and rode quickly away.

Hans drove his cow quietly before him and thought of his lucky bargain. If I only have a bit of bread, — and I shall surely always have that, — then I can have butter and cheese to eat with it whenever I please. If I am thirsty, I can milk my cow and have a drink. What more can I want?"

When he came to an inn, he stopped and ate joyfully all the food that he had brought with him both for his dinner and for his supper. Then he drove his cow along the road toward his mother's home.

About noon it grew very warm, and Hans found himself on an open plain which it took nearly an hour to cross. He was so hot and thirsty that his tongue stuck to his mouth. "The thing

to do," thought Hans, "is to milk my cow and drink the milk." He tied her to the stump of a tree, and as he had no pail he put his leather cap under her. But as hard as he tried he could not get a drop of milk. He did his milking in such a clumsy way that the beast at last became cross. She gave him such a rap on the head with her hind foot that he tumbled over upon the ground, and for a long time he did not know where he was.

By good luck a butcher, with a wheelbarrow, came along the road about that time. In the wheelbarrow was a young pig. "What 's the matter here?" cried the butcher, as he helped poor Hans to get upon his feet. Hans told him what had happened. "The cow will give no milk," said the man. "It is an old beast, fit only for the plow or for the butcher."

"Well, well," said Hans, smoothing his hair down over his head, "who would have thought it? It is all very well when one can kill such a creature at home. Then one can have a lot of meat. But I don't care much for beef. It is not

tender enough. A young pig like that is the thing to have. That tastes different. Then think of the sausages!"

"Listen, Hans," said the butcher. "For love of you, I will exchange with you and will let you have the pig for the cow."

"Bless you for your kindness!" said Hans. He then gave the cow to the butcher, and the butcher untied the pig from the wheelbarrow and gave Hans the rope to which it was fastened.

hănd′ker chĭef	wrăpped	shōul′der	reins (rāins)
ĕx chānge′	bar′gaĭn	clŭm′sў	butch′er
whēel′băr rōw	dĭf′fer ĕnt	sau′sa gĕs	ŭn tīed′

II

Hans went on, thinking to himself how everything was happening just as he wished. If he had any trouble it was set right at once. Before long a boy came up with him, carrying a fine white goose under his arm. Hans and the boy said good day to one another. Then Hans began to tell of his good luck and how he always made such good bargains.

"Just lift her," said the boy, and held up his goose by the wings. "How fat she is! She has been fattened up for eight weeks. Whoever bites her when she is cooked will have to wipe the fat from both sides of his mouth."

"Yes," said Hans, lifting her with one hand; "she is heavy, but my pig is no light thing."

While Hans was speaking, the boy kept looking around on all sides and shaking his head. "Listen," said he at last. "It may not be all right with your pig. In the village through which I have come, a pig has just been stolen out of the sty of the mayor himself. I am afraid, very much afraid, that you have hold of it there. They have sent out some to look for it, and it would be a bad thing for you if they caught you with the pig. The very least thing that they would do to you would be to shut you up in the dark hole."

Honest Hans was frightened and cried: "Goodness! Help me out of this trouble! You know more about this place than I do. Take my pig and let me have your goose."

"I shall risk something at that game," answered the boy, "but I do not want to get you into trouble." So he took the rope in his hand and drove the pig quickly away, by a side path. Honest Hans, free from all care, now went towards home with the goose under his arm.

"HONEST HANS, FREE FROM ALL CARE, NOW WENT TOWARDS HOME WITH THE GOOSE UNDER HIS ARM"

"When I think of it rightly," he said to himself, "I have even gained by this exchange. First, there is the good roast. Then, the fat which will drip from it will give me goose-fat for my bread — enough to last three months. Last of all, there are the beautiful white feathers. I will have my pillow stuffed with them, and then

I am sure I shall go to sleep without rocking. How glad my mother will be!"

As Hans was going through the last village, there stood a scissors-grinder with his wheel. He was turning his wheel round and round, and singing:

"I sharpen your scissors, and gayly I grind.
My coat blows out in the wind, behind."

Hans stopped and looked at him, and at last said: "All goes well with you, I see. You are merry with your grinding."

"Yes," answered the scissors-grinder; "this business has a golden bottom. The right kind of a grinder can always find money in his pocket whenever he puts his hand into it. But where did you buy that fine goose?"

"I did not buy it. I exchanged my pig for it."

"And the pig?"

"I got that in exchange for a cow."

"And the cow?"

"I got that in exchange for a horse."

"And the horse?"

"I gave a lump of gold as big as my head for it."

"And the gold?"

"Ah! that was my pay for seven years' work."

"You have known how to do better for yourself each time," said the grinder. "If you could only manage so that you could hear the money jingle in your pocket whenever you stand up, then your fortune would be made."

"How shall I manage that?" asked Hans.

"You must be a grinder, like me. You need nothing except a grindstone. The rest will take care of itself. I have one here. It is a little worn, to be sure, but you need not give me anything for it except your goose. Will you do it?"

"How can you ask?" answered Hans. "I shall be the luckiest fellow in the world. I shall have money whenever I put my hand in my pocket. What do I need to trouble about any more?" So he handed the goose to the scissors-grinder and took the grindstone in exchange.

"Now," said the grinder, taking up a big common stone which lay near him, "here is a good strong stone besides. You can pound well upon it and can straighten all your old nails. Take it and use it carefully."

Hans took up the two stones and walked on with a light heart. His eyes shone with joy. "I must have been born to a heap of luck," said he. "Everything that I want happens to me as if I were a Sunday child."

As Hans had been on his legs since daybreak, he began to feel tired. He was also hungry, because in his joy over the cow bargain he had eaten all his lunch at once. After a while he grew so tired that he could go no farther. He had to stop every minute to rest, for the stones were very heavy. He could not help thinking how pleasant it would be if he did not have to carry them any farther.

Like a snail he crept to a well which he saw in a field. There he thought he would rest and refresh himself with a cool drink of water. He laid the stones carefully beside him on the edge of the well, so that he might not hurt them when he sat down. Then he stooped over to drink, but he slipped and fell against the stones, so that both of them fell into the water. When Hans saw them with his own eyes sinking to the bottom,

he jumped up and down for joy. Tears stood in his eyes; he was so thankful that he had been saved from carrying those heavy stones. They were the only things that had made trouble for him.

"There is no other man under the sun so lucky as I," he cried. Then, with a light heart and free from every care, he ran and leaped gayly along until he reached his mother's house.

māy′or	hŏn′ĕst	fĕath′ers	scĭs′sors
grīnd′er	gāy′lў	bus′i nĕss	jĭn′gle
grīnd′stōne	snāil	re frĕsh′	stōōped

THE PRESENTS OF THE LITTLE PEOPLE

JACOB AND WILLIAM GRIMM

Once a tailor and a goldsmith were traveling together. At evening, when the sun had sunk behind the mountains, they heard the sound of far-away music, which grew clearer and clearer. It sounded strange, but so pleasant that they forgot they were tired and walked quickly on and on.

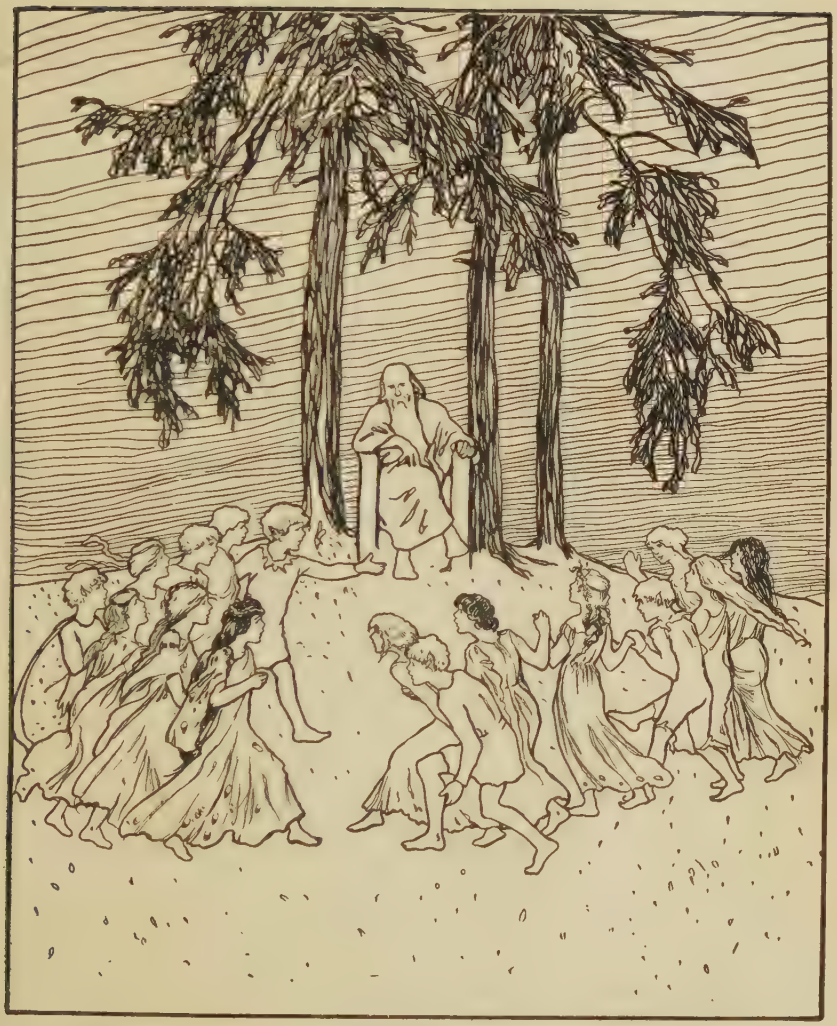
The moon had risen when they came to a hill on which they saw a crowd of little men and women. These little people had taken hold of each other's hands and were whirling very gayly around in a dance. They were also singing beautifully, and their singing was the music which the travelers had heard.

In the middle sat an old man, a little taller than the others. He wore a coat of many colors, and his iron-gray beard hung down over his breast. The two travelers stopped, full of wonder, and watched the dance. The old man beckoned to them to come in, and the little people gladly

opened the ring. The goldsmith was brave enough and at once stepped in. The tailor was a little afraid at first and held back, but when he saw how gayly all was going he took heart and followed.

The ring closed quickly and the little people sang and danced again in the wildest way. The old man then took a large knife which hung at his belt. He sharpened it, and when it was sharp enough he looked round at the travelers.

They were frightened, but they had no time to think, for the old man seized the goldsmith and very quickly shaved off his hair and his beard clean. Then he did the same to the tailor. But their fright left them when the old man finished his work and clapped them on the shoulder in a friendly way. It seemed as if he wanted to say they had behaved well in letting him do all that to them without making a fuss. Then he pointed with his finger to a heap of coal which lay at one side and told them by signs to fill their pockets with it. Both obeyed, though they did not know what use the coal would be to them. Then they



"THESE LITTLE PEOPLE . . . WERE WHIRLING VERY GAYLY AROUND IN A DANCE"

went on their way, to look for some place where they could pass the night.

When they had got down into the valley, the clock of a near-by church struck twelve. Then the song suddenly stopped. All disappeared. The hill lay alone in the moonlight.

The two travelers found an inn, got into their straw beds, and covered themselves up with their coats. But they were so tired that they forgot to take the coal out of their pockets.

They were awakened earlier than usual in the morning by something heavy pressing down upon them. They looked into the pockets of their coats, but they could not believe their eyes when they saw that the pockets were not full of coal but of pure gold. Happily, too, their hair and beards were as long as ever.

They had now become rich men, but the goldsmith was greedy and had filled his pockets fuller than the tailor, so that he was twice as rich. Now, greedy people may have a great deal, but they always want more. So the goldsmith asked the tailor to wait another day, and then go again

with him to visit the old man on the hill, and to get still greater treasures.

The tailor would not do it. He said: "I have enough. I am contented. Now I shall be a master-tailor. I shall marry my dear creature" — for so he called his sweetheart. "I am a happy man." But he stayed another day, just to please the goldsmith.

In the evening the goldsmith hung two bags over his shoulder so that he could carry away a great deal. Then he started out on the road to the hill. He found the little people singing and dancing, just as they were doing the night before. The old man shaved him clean again and made signs to him to take some coal with him.

He was not slow in putting into his bags all that they would hold. Then he went back to the inn, very happy, and covered himself with his coat as before. "Though the gold is very heavy," he said, "I will bear it gladly." So at last he went to sleep, sweetly believing that he would wake up a very rich man. As soon as he opened his eyes the next morning he jumped up to look

into the bags. But what was his surprise when he found in them nothing but black coal!

"Still," said he, "I have the gold which I got the night before." He went and brought that out, but he was shocked to see that it had changed back again into coal. He struck his forehead with his dusty, black hand. With that, he found that his whole head was smooth. There was no hair upon it. Neither was there upon the place where his beard had been.

Then he knew that he had been punished for being greedy, and he began to weep aloud. The good tailor woke up at this and comforted the unhappy goldsmith as well as he could, saying: "You have been my fellow-traveler. You shall stay with me and share my treasure." The tailor kept his word, but the poor goldsmith had to cover his bald head with a cap as long as he lived.

gōld′smĭth	mū′sĭc	crowd	sēized
fĭn′ĭshed	sīgns	o beyed′	ū′su al
shŏcked	fŏre′hĕad	com′fort ĕd	bald

SNOW-WHITE AND ROSE-RED

JACOB AND WILLIAM GRIMM

I

There was once a poor widow who lived in a little cottage. In front of this cottage was a garden, and in the garden stood two rosebushes. One of these rosebushes bore white roses; the other bore red roses. The poor widow also had two children, who were so much like the roses that she called one of them Snow-White and the other Rose-Red. They were as good and happy and busy and cheerful as any children in the world. Snow-White was more quiet and gentle than Rose-Red. Rose-Red liked to run about in the fields and meadows, gathering flowers and chasing butterflies. Snow-White stayed at home with her mother, helping her with the housework, or reading to her if there were nothing else to do.

The two children loved one another so much that they always walked hand in hand when they went out together. When Snow-White said, "We will never leave one another," Rose-Red

answered, "Never, so long as we live." Then their mother would say, "What one has, she must always share with the other."

They often ran about in the forest and gathered red berries. The beasts never harmed them, and they were not afraid. The little rabbit would take a cabbage leaf out of their hands. The deer would eat grass at their side. The stag leaped gayly by them. The birds sat in the trees, singing all the songs that they knew.

No trouble ever came to them. If they stayed late in the forest and night came on, they would lie down together on the moss and sleep until morning. Their mother knew this and was not afraid.

Once, when they had been all night in the forest, and when the morning light had waked them, they saw a beautiful child in a shining white dress, sitting near their bed. The child got up and looked at them kindly, but said nothing and went away into the forest.

When the children looked around they saw that they had been sleeping very near to the

edge of a pit. They would surely have fallen into it in the dark if they had gone a few steps farther. Their mother told them that the shining child must have been the angel who watches over good children.

Snow-White and Rose-Red kept their mother's little cottage so clean that it was a joy to look into it. In the summer Rose-Red took care of the house. Every morning she would lay a bunch of flowers beside her mother's bed before her mother was awake. In the bunch was one rose from each of the two rosebushes.

In the winter Snow-White looked after the fire and put on the kettle. The kettle was made of copper, but it shone like gold, it was kept so clean.

In the evenings when the snow was falling, their mother would say, "Go, Snow-White, and fasten the door." Then they would sit down before the fire, and the mother would take her glasses and read aloud out of a great book. Both of the girls would listen while they sat spinning. Near them lay a little lamb upon the

floor. Behind them, on a perch, sat a white dove with its head under its wing.

One evening, as they were sitting pleasantly together, some one knocked at the door. The mother said: "Quick, Rose-Red! Open the door. It must be a traveler who needs our care." Rose-Red went and unlocked the door, thinking that it was some poor man. But it was not. It was a bear, that stretched his big black head through the door.

Rose-Red cried out and jumped back from the door. The little lamb bleated. The dove beat its wings. Snow-White hid behind her mother's bed. But the bear began to speak and said: "Do not be afraid. I will not hurt you. I am half frozen and only want to warm myself a little by your fire."

"Poor bear!" said the mother. "Lie down before the fire. Only be careful not to burn your coat." Then she called: "Snow-White! Rose-Red! Come here. The bear will not hurt you. He is a good bear." So they both came out, and by and by the lamb and the dove came nearer and were not afraid.

"THEY BROUGHT THE BROOM AND SWEPT THE BEAR'S COAT CLEAN"

The bear said, "Children, knock the snow off my coat a little." So they brought the broom and swept the bear's coat clean. Then he stretched himself before the fire and growled very comfortably. It was not long before they became quite friendly and began to play tricks with their clumsy guest. They pulled his hair. They put their feet upon his back and rolled him about. They took a stick and tapped him with it, and when he growled they laughed. The bear took it all pleasantly. Only, when they hit him too hard, he would cry out, "Leave me my life, you children.

'Snow-White, Rose-Red,
Do not strike your lover dead."

When it was time to go to sleep, and the others had gone to bed, the mother said to the bear: "You may stay there by the fire. There you will be safe from the cold and the bad weather." As soon as it was day the two children let him out, and he trotted across the snow into the forest.

After that the bear came every evening at the same time, laid himself down by the fire,

and let the children play with him as much as they liked. They were so used to him that the door was never locked until their black friend had come in.

wĭd′ōw	cŏt′tage	căb′bage	stăg
kĕt′tle	cŏp′per	blēat′ĕd	swĕpt
strĕtched	com′fort a blў	guĕst	wĕath′er

II

When spring had come and everything out of doors was green, the bear said one morning to Snow-White: "Now I must go away. I cannot come back again all summer."

"Where are you going, then, dear bear?" asked Snow-White.

"I must go into the forest and keep my treasures from the wicked dwarfs. In winter, when the ground is frozen hard, the dwarfs have to stay down below and cannot work their way through the earth. But now, when the sun has thawed and warmed the earth, they break through it and come up to pry about and to steal. Whatever once falls into

their hands and is hidden in their caves does not easily see daylight again."

Snow-White was very sad at his going away. As she unfastened the door and the bear was passing out he rubbed against the lock and a piece of his coat was torn off. It seemed to Snow-White that she saw gold shining through, but she was not sure. The bear ran quickly away and was soon hidden behind the trees. Some time after this the mother sent the children into the forest to gather sticks. On the way they came to a big tree which had been cut down and was lying on the ground. Beside the trunk of it they saw something jumping up and down in the grass, but they could not make out what it was.

When they came nearer they saw a dwarf with an old wrinkled face and a snow-white beard a yard long. The end of his beard was caught in a crack of the tree, and the little man kept jumping up and down like a dog tied by a rope. He did not know what he should do to free himself from the tree.

He glared at the girls with his fiery red eyes and cried: "What are you standing there for? Can't you come and help me?"

"What have you been doing, little man?" asked Rose-Red.

"You silly, prying goose!" answered the dwarf. "I wanted to split the tree, to get a little wood for my kitchen fire. The small bits of food that we eat are burned up if we cook them over the thick logs. We do not eat so much as you great, greedy people. I had just driven a wedge safely in, and everything was going as I wished, but the wood was so smooth that the wedge slipped out before I knew it. Then the tree shut together so quickly that I could not pull out my beautiful white beard. There it sticks, and I cannot get away. Do you laugh, you silly, sleek, milk-faced things? Ah! how mean you are!"

The children tried very hard to unfasten his beard, but they could not. It was caught fast. "I will run and get some help for you," said Rose-Red at last.

"Donkeys!" cried the dwarf. "Why should you bring any one else? You are two too many for me now. Can you not think of a better way?"

"Do not be cross," said Snow-White. "I will soon find a way." With that she pulled her scissors out of her pocket and cut off the end of his beard.

As soon as the dwarf felt himself free, he laid hold of a bag which was hidden among the roots of the tree. This bag was full of gold. He lifted it up, growling to himself: "Cruel people, to cut off a piece of my lovely beard! Bad luck to you!" Then he threw the bag upon his shoulder and went off without even once looking at the children.

Some time after that Snow-White and Rose-Red went fishing. As they came near the brook they saw something like a big grasshopper jumping toward the water, as if it were going to hop in. They ran up and found it was the dwarf.

"Where are you going, little man?" asked Rose-Red. "You surely don't want to get into the water, do you?"

"I am not such a goose," cried the dwarf. "Don't you see that this clumsy fish is trying to pull me in?"

The little man had been sitting there fishing. Sad to say, the wind had blown his beard so that it caught in the fishing line. Just then a great fish bit. The weak little dwarf could not pull it out. The fish had the best of it and pulled the dwarf toward the brook. The dwarf held on to all the reeds and grasses, but that did not help him much. He had to follow the fish and was about to be pulled into the water.

The girls came just in time. They held him and tried to unfasten his beard from the line, but they could not. Beard and line were caught firmly together. There was nothing to be done but to bring out the scissors and to cut off another small piece of the beard.

When the dwarf saw that, he cried out: "Mean things! Is it fair to spoil my good looks? Was it not enough for you to cut off the tip of my beard? Now you have cut off the best part of it. I dare not show myself again to my own people. O that

you had run the soles of your shoes off before you ever came here!"

Then he took up a bag of pearls which lay among the reeds, and without another word pulled it away and disappeared behind a stone.

trĕas′ures	dwarfs	thawed	wrĭn′kled
bēard	glared	fī′er y̆	drĭv′ĕn
slēek	grăss′hŏp per	rēeds	dĭs ăp pēared′

III

It happened that soon after this the mother sent both the girls to town to buy thread, needles, string, and ribbons. The road led them over a plain where great rocks lay all about. There they saw a large eagle flying through the air and wheeling slowly round and round over their heads. It came lower and lower, and at last flew down behind a rock. Soon afterward they heard a loud, terrible cry. Greatly frightened, they ran up and saw that the eagle had caught their old friend, the dwarf, and was trying to carry him off.

The kind-hearted children held the little man fast and pulled so hard that at last the eagle gave

"THERE THEY SAW A LARGE EAGLE FLYING THROUGH THE AIR AND WHEELING SLOWLY ROUND AND ROUND"

up trying to take him. As soon as the dwarf had got over his fright he cried out in his sharp voice: "Could n't you have done it more gently? You pulled at my brown coat so hard that it is all torn and full of holes. Simple, clumsy things that you are!" Then he took up a bag of precious stones and slipped away again under the rocks into his cave. The girls were now used to his ungrateful ways, so they went on their way and did their errand in the town.

As they crossed the plain again, on their way home, they came once more upon the dwarf. He had poured out his bag of precious stones upon a clear spot of ground, not thinking that any one would pass by so late. The setting sun shone upon the bright stones. They twinkled and sparkled with all colors so beautifully that the children stood still and gazed at them.

"Why are you standing there with your mouths open?" cried the dwarf. His ashy-gray face grew red as copper, he was so angry. He would have said more, but just then a loud growling was heard, and a black bear trotted out of the forest.

The dwarf jumped up, greatly frightened, but he could not get to his hiding-place; the bear was too close. Then he cried out, shaking with fright: "Dear Mr. Bear, let me go! I will give you all my treasures. See the beautiful precious stones! There they lie. Give me my life. What do you want of a poor little fellow like me? You would not feel me between your great teeth. Take those two wicked girls instead. They will make tender bits for you. They are as fat as young quails. Eat them, I pray you."

The bear did not listen to his words, but gave the wicked creature a single blow with his paw, and the dwarf did not move again.

The girls were going to run away, but the bear called after them: "Snow-White and Rose-Red, do not be afraid. Wait a minute. I will go with you." They knew his voice and stood still. As he came up, his bear's skin suddenly fell off and he stood before them, a fine-looking youth, all dressed in gold.

"I am a prince," he said. "I was bewitched by that wicked dwarf, who stole my treasures. He made me run about the forest in the shape of a

wild bear until the time came when he should die and the spell should be broken. Now he has been punished as he deserved."

Snow-White was married to the prince, and Rose-Red to his brother. They divided between them the great treasure which the dwarf had gathered together in his cave. The old mother lived quietly and happily with her children for many years. She took with her the two rose-bushes and they stood before her window, and every year they bore the most beautiful roses, white and red.

thrĕad	nēe′dles	rĭb′bons	ēa′gle
ŭn grāte′ful	prĕ′cious	spar′kled	quāils
crēa′ture	be wĭtched′	pŭn′ĭshed	de served′

POEMS OF WORK AND PLAY

ONE, TWO, THREE

H. C. Bunner

It was an old, old, old, old lady
And a boy that was half-past three;
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She could n't go romping and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he;
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under the maple tree;
And the game that they played I 'll tell you,
Just as it was told to me.

It was hide-and-go-seek they were playing,
Though you 'd never have known it to be —
With an old, old, old, old lady
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his one little sound right knee,
And he 'd guess where she was hiding,
In guesses One, Two, Three.

"You are in the china closet!"
He would cry, and laugh with glee —
It was n't the china closet,
But he still had Two and Three.

"You are up in Papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key!"
And she said: "You are warm and warmer;
But you 're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard
Where Mamma's things used to be —
So it must be the clothespress, Gran'ma!"
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a One and a Two and a Three.

"SHE COVERED HER FACE WITH HER FINGERS"

And they never had stirred from their places,
Right under the maple tree —
This old, old, old, old lady
And the boy with the lame little knee —
This dear, dear, dear old lady
And the boy who was half-past three.

guĕss′ĕs clŏs′ĕt cŭp′board clōthes′prĕss

THE MILL

Dinah Maria Mulock Craik

Winding and grinding
Round goes the mill,
Winding and grinding
Should never stand still.
Ask not if your neighbor
Grind great or small,
Span not your labor,
Grind your wheat all.
Winding and grinding round goes the mill.
Winding and grinding should never stand still.

THE WORLD'S MUSIC

GABRIEL SETOUN (THOMAS N. HEPBURN)

The world 's a very happy place,
Where every child should dance and sing,
And always have a smiling face,
And never sulk for anything.

I waken when the morning 's come,
And feel the air and light alive
With strange sweet music like the hum
Of bees about their busy hive.

The linnets play among the leaves
At hide-and-seek, and chirp and sing;
While, flashing to and from the eaves,
The swallows twitter on the wing.

And twigs that shake, and boughs that sway;
And tall old trees you could not climb;
And winds that come, but cannot stay,
Are singing gayly all the time.

From dawn to dark the old mill-wheel
Makes music, going round and round;
And dusty-white with flour and meal,
The miller whistles to its sound.

The brook that flows beside the mill,
As happy as a brook can be,
Goes singing its own song until
It learns the singing of the sea.

For every wave upon the sands
Sings songs you never tire to hear,
Of laden ships from sunny lands
Where it is summer all the year.

And if you listen to the rain
When leaves and birds and bees are dumb,
You hear it pattering on the pane
Like Andrew beating on his drum.

The coals beneath the kettle croon,
And clap their hands and dance in glee;
And even the kettle hums a tune
To tell you when it's time for tea.

The world is such a happy place
That children, whether big or small,
Should always have a smiling face
And never, never sulk at all.

lĭn′nĕts	flăsh′ĭng	ēaves	twĭt′ter
whĭs′tles	dŭmb	păt′tĕr ĭng	croo̅n

SING ON, BLITHE BIRD

William Motherwell

I 've plucked the berry from the bush, the brown nut from the tree,
But heart of happy little bird ne'er broken was by me.
I saw them in their curious nests, close couching, slyly peer
With their wild eyes like glittering beads, to note if harm were near;
I passed them by and blessed them all; I felt that it was good
To leave unmoved the creatures small whose home was in the wood.

blīthe	cū′rĭ oŭs	couch′ĭng	pēer	ŭn moved′

WHICH LOVED BEST?

JOY ALLISON (MARY A. CRAGIN)

"I love you, mother," said little John;
Then forgetting his work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
Leaving his mother the wood to bring.

"I love you, mother," said little Nell,
"I love you better than tongue can tell,"
Then she teased and pouted half the day,
Till mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan,
"To-day I 'll help you all I can."
To the cradle then she did softly creep,
And rocked the baby till it fell asleep.

Then, stepping softly, she took the broom
And swept the floor and dusted the room;
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and cheerful as child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they said —
Three little children, going to bed.
How do you think that mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?

tongue tēased pout′ĕd re joiced′

OUT OF THE MORNING[1]

EMILY DICKINSON

Will there really be a morning?
Is there such a thing as day?
Could I see it from the mountains
If I were as tall as they?

Has it feet like water lilies?
Has it feathers like a bird?
Is it brought from famous countries
Of which I have never heard?

Oh, some scholar! Oh, some sailor!
Oh, some wise man from the skies!
Please to tell a little pilgrim
Where the place called morning lies!

fā′mŏŭs schŏl′ar sāil′or pĭl′grĭm

[1] Copyright, 1891, by Roberts Brothers.

THE LOST DOLL

CHARLES KINGSLEY

I once had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled!
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day,
And I cried for more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day:
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away,
And her arms trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled:
Yet for old sake's sake she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

charm′ĭng lў curled hēath trŏd′den

SEVEN TIMES ONE

JEAN INGELOW

There 's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There 's no rain left in heaven:
I 've said my "seven times" over and over —
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old, I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always, they know no better;
They are only one times one.

O moon! in the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low:
You were bright! ah, bright! but your light is failing —
You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven
That God has hidden your face?
I hope, if you have, you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you 're a dusty fellow,
You 've powdered your legs with gold!
O brave marsh mary-buds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!
O cuckoo-pint, toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest, with the young ones in it —
I will not steal them away;
I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet —
I am seven times one to-day.

fŏr gĭv′en	pow′dered	cŏl′ŭm bīne	wrăp′per
twĭn	tur′tle-doves	cuck′o͞o-pĭnt	tōll

SOME INDIAN STORIES

GLOOSKAP AND THE WINTER GIANT

RETOLD BY GILBERT L. WILSON

There once lived a man whose name was Glooskap. He kept two tame wolves about his wigwam. One wolf was white like day; the other was black like night. Glooskap called them his hunting dogs.

He often took them out with him to hunt, when he would say to them, "Dogs, grow big!" At once the two wolves would grow as big as bears.

When he had done hunting, Glooskap would say, "Dogs, grow small!" and the wolves would become small as before.

Glooskap's wigwam stood alone, for he did not like to dwell near other people. His old grandmother cooked for him and mended his moccasins.

One day he came home with a fat deer on his shoulders. He threw the deer on the ground before the door and went into the wigwam. His grandmother was stirring a pot of fat on the fire.

"Here, grandmother," he cried, "I have brought you some meat. I am tired of staying in the wigwam; I am going off on a journey."

He put a knife in his belt, took his bow, and went out without saying another word. His grandmother stopped stirring the fat and watched him as he went out of the door.

"My grandson is brave; he will do something wonderful," she said; and again she began to stir the fat over the fire.

When Glooskap left the wigwam he set off toward the North. It was summer when he started, but after a time the air began to grow colder, the forest leaves turned red and fell to the ground, and the rivers froze hard with ice. Glooskap had to put on snowshoes, for the ground had become covered with snow.

He came at last to the far North, where he saw a tall wigwam standing alone in the snow. Snowdrifts were piled about its sides and a white bearskin hung over the door. Glooskap lifted the bearskin and looked in. There sat a great giant inside.

The giant was old. Deep wrinkles were in his face, and his hair was white like snow. Glooskap wondered who he was.

"Grandfather, who are you?" he asked.

"I am Winter: I bring the snow and ice," answered the giant.

He then invited Glooskap to come into the wigwam. Glooskap stooped his head under the bearskin and went in. The giant gave him a seat beside the fire and filled a pipe. As they smoked, the giant told wonderful tales of olden times. Glooskap was astonished.

"Wonderful! I never heard such strange stories," he cried.

But as the giant talked a change came over Glooskap. He grew chilled; his head began to nod; his eyes closed; the pipe fell out of his mouth.

He rolled over at last and lay on the floor like a fat, sleepy toad. The Winter Giant had charmed him to sleep.

For six months he lay on the giant's floor. The charm then left him and Glooskap awoke.

He was angry when he found what the giant had done. "The Winter Giant has mocked me; but perhaps I shall mock him," he thought.

Then he said aloud to the giant, "Grandfather, I must be going;" and he left the wigwam and went away toward the South.

For weeks he journeyed on, until he came to the Summer country, where strange little men were dancing under the trees. They were the Little People of the South. As they danced they shook rattles and sang.

The Summer Woman was their queen. A wee little woman she was, scarcely taller than a warrior's foot. All the little men loved her and obeyed her.

Glooskap was glad when he saw the little Summer Woman.

"I will steal her and take her away with me; then I can mock the Winter Giant," he thought.

He went into the forest, killed a moose, and cut its skin into a long string. This he wound into a ball and came again to the place where the little men were dancing.

When her people were not looking, Glooskap caught up the little queen and ran off with her. As he ran he unwound the moose-string ball and let the loose end drag behind him.

The little men were terribly angry. They shouted shrill cries and ran after Glooskap, hoping to catch him. Soon they found the end of the moose-skin string which he had dropped.

"Let us pull at the string! It is tied to Glooskap. Thus we shall stop him," they cried.

So all the little men pulled stoutly at the moose-skin string, thinking they were pulling Glooskap; but they were only unwinding the ball.

Once more Glooskap came to the Winter Giant's wigwam. The giant welcomed him, for he hoped to charm Glooskap again; but this time Glooskap had the little Summer Woman hidden under his coat.

As before, he went into the wigwam and sat down. Again the giant gave him a pipe. As they smoked, Glooskap told wonderful tales to the giant.

By and by a change came over the giant. Sweat ran down his face; his voice grew weak; his legs trembled; water ran out of his eyes.

At last he fell down on the floor and melted away. The wigwam fell in and melted, too. Nothing was left of it but a bare place on the ground.

The snow melted and ran into the rivers. Grass and flowers came out of the ground. Everything was beautiful, for spring had come.

And all the little men came, too. They had followed the moose-skin string which Glooskap had let fall behind him.

Glooskap gave the little Summer Woman back to them, and the little men danced and sang once more.

Then Glooskap went back to his home.

From "Myths of the Red Children"

Glōōs′kăp	mŏc′ca sĭns	ăs tŏn′ĭshed	mŏcked
răt′tles	war′rior's	wĕl′comed	swĕat

WHY THE BABY SAYS "GOO"

RETOLD BY GILBERT L. WILSON

In a village near the mountains lived an Indian chief. He was a brave man and had fought in many battles. No one in the tribe had slain more enemies than he.

Strange folk were then in the land. Fierce ice giants came out of the North and carried away women and children. Wicked witches dwelt in caves, and in the mountains lived the Mikumwess, or magic little people.

But the chief feared none of them. He fought the ice giants and made them go back to their home in the North. Some of the witches he killed; others he drove from the land.

Everybody loved the chief. He was so brave and good that the villagers thought there was no one like him anywhere.

But when he had driven out all the giants the chief grew vain. He began to think himself the greatest warrior in the world.

"I can conquer any one," he boasted.

Now it happened that a wise old woman lived in the village. When she heard what the great chief boasted, she smiled.

"Our chief *is* wonderful, but there is one who is mightier than he," she said.

The villagers told the chief what the wise woman had said. He came and visited her in her wigwam.

"Grandmother, who is this wonderful one?" he asked.

"His name is Wasis," answered the wise woman.

"And where is he, grandmother?" asked the chief.

"He is there," said the wise woman, and she pointed to a place in the wigwam.

The chief looked — and who do you think Wasis was? He was a plump little Indian baby. In the middle of the floor he sat, crowing to himself and sucking a piece of maple sugar. He looked very sweet and contented.

Now the chief had no wife and knew nothing about babies, but he thought, like all vain people, that he knew everything. He thought, of course,

that the little baby would obey him, so he smiled and said to little Wasis:

"Baby, come to me!"

But the baby smiled back and went on sucking his maple sugar.

The chief was surprised. The villagers always did whatever he bade them. He could not understand why the little baby did not obey him, but he smiled and said again to little Wasis:

"*Baby, come to me!*"

The little baby smiled back and sucked his maple sugar as before.

The chief was astonished. No one had ever dared disobey him before. He grew angry. He frowned at little Wasis and roared out:

"BABY, COME TO ME!"

But little Wasis opened his mouth and burst out crying and screaming. The chief had never heard such awful sounds. Even the ice giants did not scream so terribly.

The chief was more and more astonished. He could not think why such a little baby would not obey him.

"Wonderful!" he said. "All other men fear me; but this little baby shouts back war cries. Perhaps I can overcome him with my magic."

"HE DANCED MAGIC DANCES"

He took out his medicine bag and shook it at the little baby. He danced magic dances. He sang wonderful songs.

Little Wasis smiled and watched the chief with big round eyes. He thought it all very funny. And all the time he sucked his maple sugar.

The chief danced until he was tired out; sweat ran down his face; red paint oozed over his cheeks and neck; the feathers in his scalp lock had fallen down.

At last he sat down. He was too tired to dance any longer.

"Did I not tell you that Wasis is mightier than you?" said the wise old woman. "No one is mightier than the baby. He always rules the wigwam. Everybody loves him and obeys him."

"It is even so," sighed the chief, as he went out of the wigwam.

But as he went he could hear little Wasis talking to himself on the floor.

"Goo, goo, goo!" he crowed, as he sucked his maple sugar.

Now, when you hear the baby saying, "Goo, goo, goo," you will know what it means. It is his war cry. He is happy because he remembers the time when he frightened the chief in the wigwam of the wise old woman.

slāin	fiērce	Mīk′ŭm wĕss	mīght′ĭ er
Wa′sĭs	bădе	mĕd′ĭ cine	o͞ozed

HIAWATHA, THE INDIAN BOY

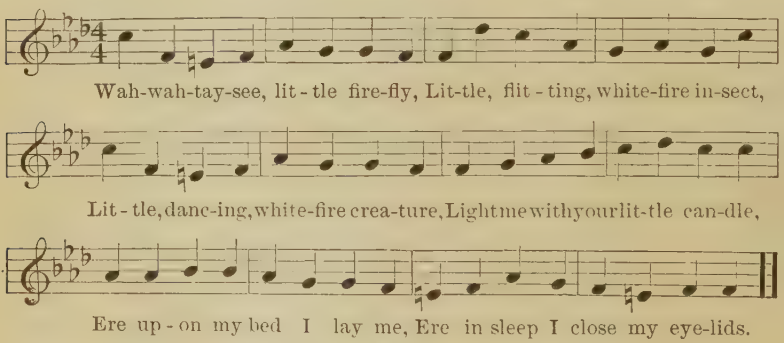
DRAMATIZED FROM LONGFELLOW'S POEM

Persons: HIAWATHA
NOKOMIS, the grandmother of Hiawatha
FIREFLIES

Place: The wigwam of Nokomis

Time: A summer evening

(Hiawatha is seen sitting on a bearskin at the door of the wigwam. He sings.)


Wah-wah-tay-see, lit-tle fire-fly, Lit-tle, flit-ting, white-fire in-sect,
Lit-tle, danc-ing, white-fire crea-ture, Light me with your lit-tle can-dle,
Ere up-on my bed I lay me, Ere in sleep I close my eye-lids.

(Nokomis comes out from the wigwam.)

NOKOMIS. You have learned to sing well the song I taught you.

HIAWATHA. Yes, grandmother, I love it, and I love to see the little fireflies dancing in the dark; but see the moon, Nokomis! (Points away) See

it rising from the water! See the flecks and shadows on it! What makes the shadows there, Nokomis?

NOKOMIS. Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight;
Right against the moon he threw her;
'T is her body that you see there.

HIAWATHA. Ah, Nokomis, I would never throw you up against the moon.

NOKOMIS. No, Hiawatha, you love your grandmother too well to do her any harm.

HIAWATHA. It rained this afternoon, Nokomis. And after the rain there was a bow of beautiful colors in the eastern sky. What was it, Nokomis?

NOKOMIS. All the wild flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us.
'T was the heaven of flowers you saw there.

HIAWATHA. It had all the colors of all the wild flowers that ever grew. But hark! (An owl is heard in the forest.) What is that, Nokomis?

NOKOMIS. That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding, at each other.

HIAWATHA. Nokomis, I shall learn the language of the owl; I shall learn the language of every bird. I shall learn their names and all their secrets — how they build their nests in summer, where they hide themselves in winter. I shall learn to talk with them. I shall call them Hiawatha's chickens.

NOKOMIS. Yes, Hiawatha, and I will tell you all I know about them; and what I do not know you shall learn from Iagoo, the great story-teller.

HIAWATHA. Yes, and I shall learn the language of all the beasts. I shall learn their names and all their secrets — how the beavers build their lodges, where the squirrels hide their acorns, how the reindeer runs so swiftly, why the rabbit is so timid. I shall talk with them whenever I meet them. I shall call them Hiawatha's brothers.

NOKOMIS. That is good, Hiawatha. And Iagoo shall make you a bow. From a branch of ash

he shall make it, and from an oak bough he shall make the arrows. He shall tip them with flint, and put wings of feathers on them, and he shall make the cord of deerskin.

HIAWATHA. Ah, Nokomis, that will be fine!

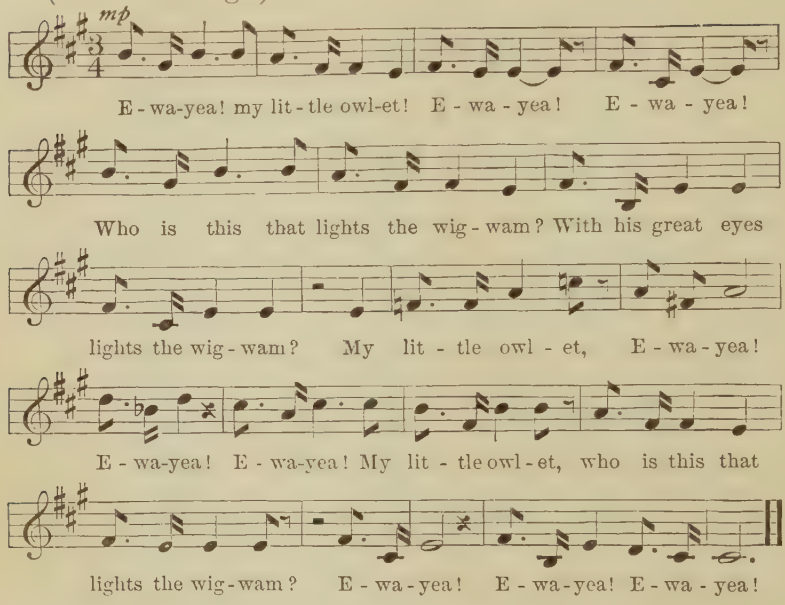
NOKOMIS. But, Hiawatha, hear the pine trees whisper. They are saying "Minne-wawa, minne-wawa." And hear the water breaking among the rocks on the shore. It is singing "Mudway-aush-ka, mudway-aush-ka." They are saying that it is time to go to sleep. So lie down on your bed of pine boughs inside the wigwam, Hiawatha.

HIAWATHA. I will, Nokomis. Hark! (Owl is heard.) There is the owl talking to the owlet again. Sing me the song of the little owlet, grandmother, and I will look through the door of the wigwam and see the fireflies dancing in the dark, and that will make me go to sleep.

NOKOMIS. I will sing you the song of the owlet and you may watch the fireflies. Now, good-night.

HIAWATHA. Good-night, Nokomis. (Lies down just inside the wigwam.)

(Nokomis sings.)[1]


mp
E - wa-yea! my lit - tle owl-et! E - wa - yea! E - wa - yea!
Who is this that lights the wig - wam? With his great eyes
lights the wig - wam? My lit - tle owl - et, E - wa - yea!
E - wa-yea! E - wa-yea! My lit - tle owl - et, who is this that
lights the wig - wam? E - wa - yea! E - wa - yea! E - wa - yea!

NOKOMIS (looking at Hiawatha as he lies in the wigwam). Is he asleep? Yes, and while he sleeps I will make him a little coat from the skin of the red deer, and I will make a fringe of deerskin all around it. I will sew beads upon it, and I will make a string of deerskin to fasten it. It shall be a beautiful coat, as beautiful as I can make it.

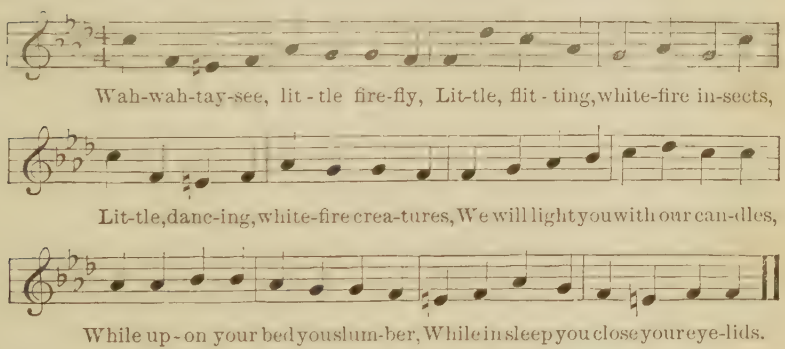
[1] This lullaby is taken, by permission, from Mrs. Bessie M. Whiteley's operetta "Hiawatha's Childhood." Copyright by C. C. Birchard and Company.

Nothing can be too good for my little Hiawatha. (Takes up a deerskin.)

HIAWATHA (in a very sleepy voice, as he turns on his bed of pine boughs). Light me with your little candle.

NOKOMIS. He is dreaming of the little fireflies flitting through the dusk and twinkling their candles.

(A number of children dressed like fireflies, each with a little candle, come in and dance around the stage, singing.)


Wah-wah-tay-see, lit-tle fire-fly, Lit-tle, flit-ting, white-fire in-sects,
Lit-tle, danc-ing, white-fire crea-tures, We will light you with our can-dles,
While up-on your bed you slum-ber, While in sleep you close your eye-lids.

Hĭ a wa′tha drăm′a tīzed No kō′mĭs wah-wah-tāy′sēe
ĭn′sĕct flĕcks lĭl′ĭes prāi′rĭe
pĕr′ĭsh I a′gōō bēa′vers lŏdg′ĕs
mĭn nē-wa′wa mudway-aush′ka ē wa-yeā′

POEMS BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

A STORY ABOUT MR. STEVENSON

Alice and Harold had just been reading "A Child's Garden of Verses." Harold said he knew a good many of the verses by heart.

"See if you can recite the one about the shadow," said Alice.

So Harold stood up on Mamma's footstool and began:

"I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see."

He recited all the verses and did it well. Just as he got to the end of the last line there was a loud clapping of hands. Uncle George had been listening from the next room.

"Do you know who wrote that?" asked Uncle George.

"Mr. Stevenson wrote it," said Alice.

"Robert Louis Stevenson," added Harold.

"Right," said Uncle George. "Come in and I will tell you something about him."

The two children rushed into the next room, climbed into Uncle George's big chair, and sat on the two broad arms of it.

"Mr. Stevenson was born in the city of Edinburgh, in Scotland," said Uncle George. "He was a frail little lad and his parents were much afraid that he would never live to grow up. But he had a stout heart, and made up his mind that he *would* grow up and that he would be a writer. He began to write little stories when he was six years old."

"Were they printed?" asked Alice.

"No, they weren't worth printing, but they showed that he loved to write. Every story that he wrote helped him to write a better one next time. When he became a man, he wrote 'A Child's Garden of Verses' to show just how he felt when he was a little boy."

"Why does he write so much in 'A Child's Garden of Verses' about his nurse?" asked Harold. "Didn't he have a mamma?"

"Yes, and he loved her very dearly, as she did him. But she was not strong, and Louis needed much care. So they had a nurse. This nurse was a dear, good woman. Louis thought a great deal of her. He called her 'Cummy.'"

"What a funny name!" said Alice.

"Yes; and Cummy used to tuck Louis into bed, and tell him stories, and go out walking with him. When he was sick she brought his lead soldiers and his toy ships and his little toy trees and houses and spread them out on the counterpane for him. Then he played he was a giant sitting on the pillow-hill."

"Oh, I know that," said Harold. "That is the 'Land of Counterpane.'"

"You are right," said Uncle George. "And at night, when it was growing dark, he used to sit at the window and watch for the man who came to light the street lamps."

"Yes," said Alice, "I know; and he called the man 'Leerie,' and Leerie carried a lantern and a ladder, and there was a street lamp right in front of their house."

"Then," said Uncle George, "just before it was time to go to bed, Louis would often play hunter. He would creep along the floor behind the sofa, with his little wooden gun in his hand. He would play that the place behind the sofa was a great dark forest. His camp was there in the dark. He always had a fine time until Cummy came after him and took him off to bed."

"Yes," said Harold, "and I can tell you what he played his bed was."

"What was it?" asked Uncle George.

"He played it was a boat," said Harold, "and when Cummy put on his nightgown he played that was a sailor's coat. Then he would go to sleep and would think he was having a long sail. I have done that sometimes. It is great fun."

"That is right," said Uncle George. "Now, can you tell me what he did in the country?"

"He went to the farm!" cried both children.

"Yes," said Uncle George. "It was his grandfather's farm, and there he grew strong and almost well. He rode the pony, and went to

the field with the men, and played on the hay in the old barn."

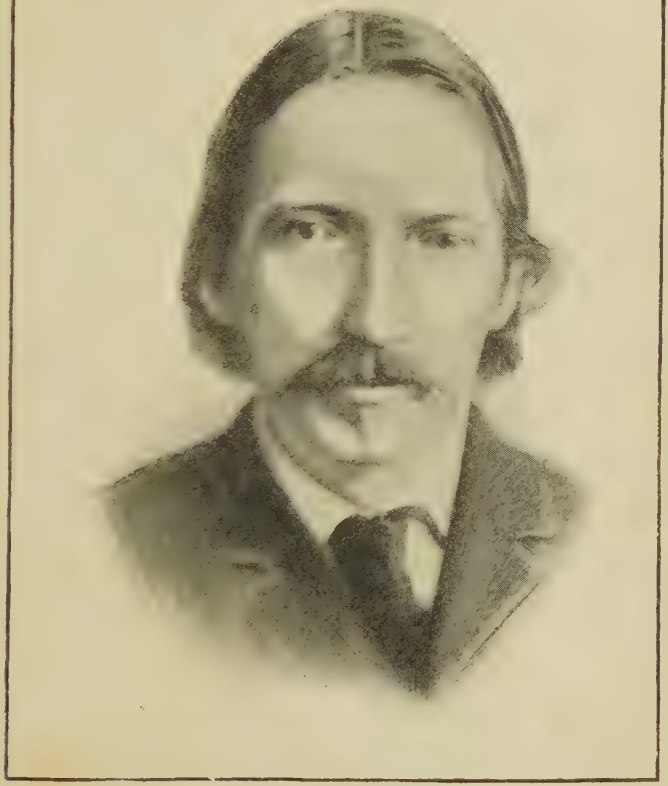
"I know," said Alice. "He played the stacks of hay in the barn were mountains. One he called 'Mount Clear' and one 'Mount Rusty Nail.' I guess that was because there was a rusty nail in the side of the barn up near it. My grandpa has one in his barn with a lot of old ropes and straps hanging on it."

"Do you remember any other verses that he wrote about the farm?"

"Yes," said Harold. "When the coach came to take him home, he said good-by to the pump and the stable and the hayloft and everything."

"But what did he do when he grew up?" asked Alice.

"After he had gone to school and college," said Uncle George, "he thought he would build lighthouses. That was what his father and his grandfather had done. But he was not strong enough. The thing he really loved most to do was to write. So he wrote stories and verses. One of his stories was 'Treasure Island.'"



Robert Louis Stevenson

"That is about pirates," said Harold. "Papa read that to me last winter. It is fine."

"Yes, every boy likes 'Treasure Island.' Mr. Stevenson wrote many other stories too, but he was very seldom well. Many of his stories were written while he was propped up in bed with pillows, because his doctor would let him get up only a few hours each day. He went all over the world hunting for a place where he could live and be well. At last he found such a place away off in one of the Samoan islands. He made a home there. The natives loved him greatly and would do anything for him. They taught him their language, and he taught them many useful and interesting things. He also told them a great many stories. They never called him Mr. Stevenson. They called him Tusitala, a name of their own which means 'teller of good stories.' There he lived for a number of years and there he died when he was forty-five years old."

Stē′vĕn son	Ed′ĭn burgh (bŭr ō)	Scŏt′lănd	frāil
Lēer′ĭe	hāy′lŏft	cŏl′lĕge	pī′rates
Sa mō′ăn	nā′tĭves	lăn′guage	Tu si ta′la

MY SHADOW

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head:
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow —
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there 's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.

He stays so close beside me, he 's a coward you can see;
I 'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

fŭn′nĭ ĕst	prŏp′er	ĭn′dĭ a-rŭb′ber	nō′tion
nurs′ĭe	bŭt′ter cŭp	ăr′rănt	slēep′ў-hĕad

THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE

When I was sick and lay a-bed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bedclothes, through the hills;

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down among the sheets;
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillow-hill,
And sees before him, dale and plain,
The pleasant land of counterpane.

lĕad′en ū′nĭ forms cĭt′ĭes dāle

THE LAMPLIGHTER

My tea is nearly ready and the sun has left
the sky.
It's time to take the window to see Leerie
going by;
For every night at tea time and before you take
your seat

With lantern and with ladder he comes posting
up the street.

Now Tom would be a driver and Maria go to
sea,
And my papa 's a banker and as rich as he can be;
But I, when I am stronger and can choose
what I 'm to do,
O Leerie, I 'll go round at night and light the
lamps with you!

For we are very lucky, with a lamp before the
door,
And Leerie stops to light it as he lights so
many more;
And oh! before you hurry by with ladder and
with light;
O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him
to-night!

lăn′tern pōst′ĭng Ma rī′a bănk′er

THE LAND OF STORY-BOOKS

At evening when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit;
They sit at home and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes;
And there the river by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away
As if in firelit camp they lay,

And I, like to an Indian scout,
Around their party prowled about.

So, when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear land of story-books.

par′ents	trăck	star′rў	sŏl′ĭ tūdes
rōar′ĭng	fīre′lĭt	scout	prowled

MY BED IS A BOAT

My bed is like a little boat;
Nurse helps me in when I embark;
She girds me in my sailor's coat
And starts me in the dark.

At night, I go on board and say
Good-night to all my friends on shore;
I shut my eyes and sail away,
And see and hear no more.

And sometimes things to bed I take,
As prudent sailors have to do;
Perhaps a slice of wedding cake,
Perhaps a toy or two.

All night across the dark we steer;
But when the day returns at last,
Safe in my room, beside the pier,
I find my vessel fast.

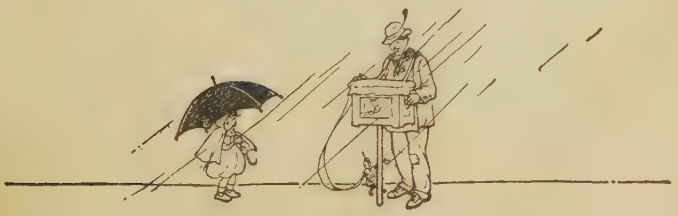
ĕm bark′ girds pru′dent
stēer piēr

SINGING

Of speckled eggs the birdie sings
And nests among the trees;
The sailor sings of ropes and things
In ships upon the seas.

The children sing in far Japan,
The children sing in Spain;
The organ with the organ man
Is singing in the rain.

spĕck′led Ja păn′ Spāin or′gan



THE HAYLOFT

Through all the pleasant meadow-side
The grass grew shoulder-high,
Till the shining scythes went far and wide
And cut it down to dry.

Those green and sweetly smelling crops
They led in wagons home:
And they piled them here in mountain tops
For mountaineers to roam.

Here is Mount Clear, Mount Rusty-Nail,
Mount Eagle, and Mount High: —
The mice that in these mountains dwell,
No happier are than I!

Oh, what a joy to clamber there,
Oh, what a place for play,
With the sweet, the dim, the dusty air,
The happy hills of hay!

scȳthes moun taĭn ēers′ dwĕll clăm′ber

FAREWELL TO THE FARM

The coach is at the door at last;
The eager children, mounting fast
And kissing hands, in chorus sing:
Good-by, good-by, to everything!

To house and garden, field and lawn,
The meadow-gates we swang upon,
To pump and stable, tree and swing,
Good-by, good-by, to everything!

And fare you well forevermore,
O ladder at the hayloft door,
O hayloft where the cobwebs cling,
Good-by, good-by, to everything!

Crack goes the whip, and off we go;
The trees and houses smaller grow;
Last, round the woody turn we swing:
Good-by, good-by, to everything!

ēa′ger mount′ing chō′rŭs cŏb′wĕbs wo͝od′y̆

STORIES OF THE NORTHLAND

Retold by Walter Taylor Field

HOW THE WOLF WAS BOUND

A great many years ago the people of the Northland believed that there were many gods and that they lived at the end of the rainbow, in a city called Asgard. The city was full of most beautiful palaces of gold and silver, and the most beautiful of them all was the hall of Odin, the all-father, or chief of the gods. Here he sat on his throne and looked out over all the worlds and saw everything that went on in the sky or in the earth or in the sea below.

In Asgard, besides the gods, there lived for a time, Loki, the mischief-maker. He came from the home of the frost giants and was so cunning and skillful that the gods let him into Asgard, but he made them trouble enough before they had done with him, as you shall see.

Loki had married a frightful giantess in the frost country and had three frightful children.

One was a wolf so strong that he could not be bound, one was a snake so long that he reached around the earth, and one was a woman so terrible that whoever looked upon her died. Only the gods could look on her and live.

When Odin found out who Loki's children were, he sent for them. The snake was thrown down into the sea, where he wound himself around the earth with his tail in his mouth. The woman was shut up in a dark cave away down under the waters, where she was allowed to rule over those whom she had killed. But the wolf, Fenrir, was more terrible than either the serpent or the woman; and what to do with him Odin did not know. He kept him in Asgard for a while, and Tyr, the bravest of the gods, was given the task of feeding him. But the wolf grew larger and larger and stronger and stronger, until Odin knew that something must be done at once.

So Odin called the gods together and asked them what they thought about it. They thought that if they tried very hard, they could make a chain that would bind him. So they lighted the fire in

their forge, and heated the iron, and beat upon it all night, until they had made a chain larger and stronger than any that had ever been seen before.

Then they called Fenrir, the wolf. They showed him the chain and told him they would like to see him break it. He laughed softly to himself and let them put it on him. Then he stretched himself. Snap! the chain broke into a dozen pieces, and the wolf walked away, showing his white teeth.

But the gods did not give up after one trial. They went back to their forge and lighted their fire again. When the iron was red-hot they put it on the anvil, and — beat, beat, beat, went their great hammers. All day and all night they hammered it, and heated it, and hammered it again, until they had a chain twice as heavy and twice as strong as the first one.

Then they called the wolf again. He looked at the chain and laughed, as he had laughed before. He knew he had grown stronger since the first trial. But the gods laughed also to themselves as they put the chain upon him, for they felt sure that this time he could not break it. The wolf

stretched himself. The chain was stronger than he had thought. He stretched again. The gods laughed loud. A third time he stretched, lifting his mighty shoulders and drawing in great breaths. Snap! the chain broke again, and the pieces went flying through the roof of the great hall.

"SNAP! THE CHAIN BROKE AGAIN"

The wolf growled this time, and a wicked light shone out of his eyes as he shook himself free.

What was to be done? Fenrir was growing larger and stronger each day. He would soon destroy even the gods. At last Odin had a thought. He sent to the dwarfs who live down under the earth, and told them to make for him a magic chain. He said the wolf must be bound or all the world would be destroyed.

The dwarfs set to work in their dark, smoky caves under ground, and they soon had the most wonderful chain that was ever seen. It was made of the sound of a cat's footsteps, the beard of a woman, the roots of a stone, the breath of a fish, and several other very unusual things. When it was finished it was as light and soft as a silk cord, but no one could break it.

The gods took it and showed it to the wolf. "Here," they said, "let us bind you with this."

The wolf looked at it. He was afraid they were playing a trick upon him. "I will let you bind me with it, if one of you will put his hand into my mouth," he said. "Then if there is any trick about this cord, you know what I will do."

They knew too well. Each looked at the other. Who was willing to lose his hand for the sake of all? After a moment Tyr stepped forward. "Open your mouth, Fenrir," he said with a smile. The wolf opened his great mouth and Tyr put his right hand into it. "There," he said. "Be quiet and let them bind you." He knew that he should

never draw his hand out of that red mouth, but — never mind! He would save both gods and men.

They bound the wolf with the cord. They wound it about his legs. They tied it about his feet. All the time he held Tyr's right hand between his teeth. At last they said, "Now, Fenrir, free yourself."

Fenrir stretched, but the cord only cut into his flesh. He stretched again. The cord was drawn still tighter. He kicked and growled and pulled and roared. The gods laughed. Then Fenrir shut his teeth together.

The gods led Fenrir down under the earth and fastened the cord through the middle of a great rock. He leaped at the gods and tore at the cord so madly that the earth rocked with his struggles. And there they left him.

Tyr had only one hand now, but he was happy because he had saved the world from the power of the evil thing.

Ăs′gard	Ō′dĭn	Lō′kĭ	skĭll′ful
frīght′ful	Fĕn′rĭr	Tŷr	fōrge
trī′ăl	brĕaths	ŭn ū′su ăl	strŭg′gles

HOW THOR GOT HIS HAMMER

I

Thor was the strongest of the gods. He was the oldest son of Odin and was the god of thunder and lightning and storm. He had a great cloud-palace five hundred and forty stories high which stretched away up into the sky, and out of it came all the lightnings.

Thor's wife was the beautiful Sif. She had long golden hair which reached down to her feet. Thor loved her very much and was proud of her hair.

Now it happened that one day Sif fell asleep in the cloud-palace, and her hair fell all about her like a golden veil. Loki came in and saw her. He never saw anything beautiful without wanting to spoil it, and because his heart was mean and wicked he wanted to spoil Sif's beauty. So he softly cut off the golden hair and took it away with him.

When Thor came home and saw what had been done he was hot with anger. The lightnings flashed out of his eyes, and he stamped his foot until all the world shook and trembled.

"Loki has done this!" shouted Thor.

Without another word he went after Loki, and came upon him trying to hide, for Loki was a coward. Thor seized him by the neck and was about to punish him as he deserved. But Loki begged to be forgiven and promised that he would get from the dwarfs, the sons of Ivald, a crown of golden hair for Sif, much more beautiful than that which he had taken from her.

Loki went to the caves of the sons of Ivald, far under the earth, and told them what he wanted. A crown of golden hair was not a hard thing for them to make, for they were wonderful workmen and could make anything. So they set to work and beat out the gold and drew it into long, fine hairs and made it soft and shining. Then, to please the gods, they made two other wonderful things which Loki had not asked them for. One was a golden spear that would always go straight to the mark, whoever threw it. The other was a ship so large that it could carry all the gods, yet it could be folded up so small as to be carried in one's hand. Another wonderful thing about

this ship was that when its sails were set, a wind would always come and blow it wherever the master wanted it to go. The sons of Ivald sent the spear to Odin and the ship to Frey. Frey was the god of fruits and grains and all growing things.

Loki took the gifts of the sons of Ivald and started back to Asgard. But on the way he passed the cave of the dwarfs Sindri and Brok. These dwarfs were also cunning workmen. Sindri was said to be the most cunning workman of all the race of dwarfs.

Brok was standing just outside the cave. Loki knew that Brok and Sindri did not like the sons of Ivald, and in his wicked heart he thought it would be fun to make trouble. So he said:

"Good morning, Brok. I have some wonderful work which the sons of Ivald have just made. You never saw anything like it."

"What wonderful thing can the sons of Ivald make?" asked Brok, with a frown.

Loki showed him the three gifts.

"They are nothing," said Brok. "My brother, Sindri, can make things far more wonderful."

"You may have my head," said Loki, "if you can make three things more wonderful than these."

"Agreed!" shouted Brok. "Who shall judge?"

"Let the gods judge," said Loki.

Thor	Sĭf	veil (vāle)	ăn′ger
cow′ard	Ī′vald	Frey (Frāy)	fruits
Sĭn′drĭ	Brŏk	frown	jŭdge

II

They went into the cave. Sindri was working at his forge. He looked at the gifts of the sons of Ivald and wagged his long beard.

"We shall see," he said. Then he took down a pigskin from the wall and laid it on the fire. He turned to Brok. "Blow the bellows, Brok, until I come again," he said.

With that he went away into the back of the cave. Brok blew the bellows. Loki began to be frightened, for he knew how good a workman Sindri was.

"It is too hot here," said Loki. "I must go out."

He went out of the cave and changed himself into a large fly. Then he flew in again and lit

upon Brok's hand. He bit Brok's hand, thinking that Brok would let go of the bellows. But no; Brok cried out with pain, yet he kept on blowing. Sindri soon came and took out of the fire a live boar, all covered with gold.

Then Sindri took a lump of gold from the floor of the cave and put it into the fire.

"Blow, Brok, until I come again," he said.

With that he went away into the back of the cave. Brok blew. The fly buzzed about his head and lit upon his neck. It bit him again, so sharply that Brok roared with the hurt. But still he blew. Sindri came back and took out of the fire a beautiful gold ring.

Then Sindri took a great piece of iron and put it into the fire.

"Blow, Brok, until I come again," he said.

With that he went away into the back of the cave. The fly buzzed fiercely this time and lit upon Brok's eyebrow. It bit him so cruelly that the blood ran down into Brok's eye and blinded him. The fly bit him again. Brok could not stand it any longer. With a scream he dropped

the handle of the bellows and brushed away the fly. The fly buzzed out of the cave with a sound that was almost like a laugh. Sindri came back.

"'YOU HAVE ALMOST SPOILED IT,' HE SAID, AS HE DREW OUT OF THE FIRE A GREAT HAMMER"

"You have almost spoiled it," he said, as he drew out of the fire a great hammer. "See! the handle is too short. If you had not stopped blowing, it would have been longer. But it will do."

Then Loki came into the cave again in his own form. "What have you there?" said he.

"Brok will take these gifts of ours to the gods," said Sindri, "and the gods, who know all things, shall judge whether they are not more wonderful than the gifts of the sons of Ivald. We send the golden boar to Frey, the ring to Odin, and the hammer to Thor."

So Brok and Loki went together to Asgard. Loki told the gods what they had done, and the gods made Odin, Thor, and Frey the judges. First of all Loki gave Sif the crown of golden hair. She put it on, and the hair began to grow. It shone and glistened. It was more beautiful than the hair that Loki had taken from her. Then he gave the golden spear to Odin, and Odin threw it at a mark, and its aim was true. Then he gave the ship to Frey. Frey opened it and the great hall was not large enough to hold it.

The gods were greatly pleased. They turned to little Brok who stood there, bent almost to the floor under his load. His eyes twinkled as he took his gifts out of the great sack which held them.

"You will do well if your gifts are more wonderful than the gifts of the sons of Ivald," they said.

"You shall see," said Brok. He gave the ring to Odin. "This ring," he said, "will on every ninth night throw out eight other rings just like itself."

"That is indeed wonderful," said Odin. "It is more wonderful than the spear." The other gods agreed that it was so.

Brok next took the golden boar out of his sack. The boar ran to Frey and lay down at his feet.

"This boar," said Brok, "can run upon the earth, or through the air, or on the sea. He can run more swiftly than any horse. At night the shining of his skin will light up the darkness so that the night will be as bright as the day. You can sit upon his back and he will carry you anywhere, at any time."

"That is more wonderful than the ship," said Frey. And all the gods agreed that it was so.

Then Brok took out the hammer and gave it to Thor.

"This hammer," he said, "will break anything it strikes, no matter how hard or how great that

thing may be. It will break rocks and mountains. When it is thrown at anything, no matter how far you throw it, it will always hit the mark and come back to your hand. When you wish, you can make it so small that it will be hidden in your hand. The only trouble with it is that the handle is too short. I am sorry for that."

Thor seized the hammer and swung it about his head. The lightnings flashed. The thunders roared. The winds blew frightfully.

"It will help us to fight and to overcome the frost giants!" said Thor. "It is the most wonderful gift of all!" The other gods agreed that it was so.

"Have I won?" asked Brok.

"You have won," said the gods.

"Then I am to have Loki's head," he said.

The gods smiled. They were becoming tired of Loki's mischief-making. "That was the bargain," they said.

But Loki was ready for this. He had magic shoes upon his feet that would take him anywhere he wished. He leaped to the door.

"Catch me, before you take my head," he said.

He was off like a flash. Brok shouted after him in vain. But Thor seized his hammer and followed hard after him. As Thor was the god of lightning, you may know that he went swiftly. Soon he had Loki by the neck and dragged him back into Asgard.

"Take him," he said to Brok.

"My head is yours," said Loki, "but you have no right to touch my neck."

Brok looked at the gods. "I am afraid he is right," said Odin.

Brok thought a moment. "If your head is mine, I will sew up your mouth," he said. "It has made us too much trouble already. Now let us see if you will not be quiet."

With that he took a stout cord and sewed up Loki's mouth, and for a time the gods had peace in Asgard.

wăgged	bĕl′lōws	pāin	bōar
eye′brow	cru′ĕl lў	blīnd′ĕd	hăn′dle
nīnth	lēaped	stout	

THE APPLES OF IDUN

I

One day Loki and two of the gods went on a journey. They went over high mountains and rushing rivers and through deep forests, and at last they sat down on the top of a hill to rest. They were hungry. In the plain below them some oxen were feeding. "There is our supper," said Loki. So he went down and killed a great ox. Then he built a fire, cut up the ox, hung the pieces over the fire, and waited for them to cook. But they did not cook.

"Ah," said Loki. "There is magic here. The frost giants must have got into the fire."

At this, a laugh was heard. It seemed to come from the sky. Loki looked up, and there was a great eagle sailing over him.

"Give me my share," cried the eagle, "and the meat will cook soon enough."

"Come and take it," said Loki.

The eagle flew down. He seized a leg and two shoulders of the ox and started to fly away

with them. But Loki grew very angry when he saw his supper disappearing. He quickly took up a long pole which was lying near and struck the eagle with it. Then a very strange thing happened. One end of the pole stuck fast to the eagle, and the other end stuck fast to Loki. The great bird sailed away, carrying the astonished Loki up into the air. Then the eagle flew low over the trees and over the rocks, while Loki, the mischief-maker, went pounding along the ground at the end of the pole, crying loudly for help.

After a time the eagle stopped on the top of a high mountain and looked around at Loki. "Do you know me now, Loki?" said he.

Loki stared at him a minute. "You are the frost giant, Thiassi," said he. "I know you by your eyes."

"Yes, I am Thiassi," said the eagle, "and I have you in my power. I will not let you go until you promise me one thing."

"I will promise you anything," said Loki.

"Promise me that you will get me the apples of Idun."

The apples of Idun were the most precious treasure of the gods. They were more beautiful to look upon and sweeter to taste than any other fruit that ever grew. And the wonderful thing about them was that whoever tasted of one of them became young and strong and beautiful. When the gods felt that they were growing old, all they had to do was to take a bite of one of the apples of Idun. Then the gray hair turned dark again, the wrinkles disappeared, the cheeks grew full and round and rosy. All who ate of the apples of Idun became strong and happy. The beautiful goddess Idun took care of these apples and kept them in a golden box in Asgard.

The frost giant Thiassi had grown old and he longed for a bite of one of these apples, to make him young again. So he had put on an eagle dress and had followed the gods on their journey, hoping that he might get from one of them the magic fruit.

When Loki heard what Thiassi wanted, he thought a long time. Then he said, "It will be hard to get the apples of Idun. Idun will never let them go."

"Bring Idun too," said Thiassi.

Loki thought again. "It will be a good joke to see the gods grow old," said he. "And perhaps, Thiassi, you will let me have a bite of one of the apples now and then, to keep me young myself."

Thiassi's eyes shone but he said nothing. Loki tried again to pull himself away from the pole. He could not.

"I will get you the apples of Idun," he said.

Then the great eagle sailed away up into the sky and left Loki thinking in his wicked heart how he should steal the treasure of Asgard.

Thĭ as'sĭ Idun (Ē'dōōn) longed stēal

II

Not long after this, Idun was sitting one morning in her garden, with her box of apples in her lap. Loki came along and said, "Idun, let me see one of your apples." Idun held one out to him.

"That is a fine apple," said Loki, "but, do you know, I have found some even finer?"

"What!" cried Idun. "There can be nothing finer."

"Come and see," said Loki. "Bring your apples so that we may see them side by side."

"Is it far?" asked Idun.

"No, it is only a little way," said Loki.

So they went to the great wall of Asgard, and Loki helped Idun to climb over it. Then they went down to the river that rushes at the foot of the wall. A little boat was tied there. It was a magic boat, made by Thiassi to help them on their journey, and it went over the rushing river as gently as if it were a still pond. On the other side they got out.

"There," said Loki. "The apples that I have seen are in that grove."

They went into the grove and walked a long way. Idun began to be a little frightened.

"Is it much farther?" she asked.

"No, not much farther," said Loki, and he looked up anxiously into the sky. "Sit here," he said, "and I will go and get you a drink of water from a spring behind that large rock."

"IDUN WAS SITTING ONE MORNING IN HER GARDEN"

He went behind the large rock and hid himself there like a coward, as he was. Then Idun heard a sound in the sky like the rushing of wings. A great eagle sailed down and caught her and her precious apples, and flew away with them up into the blue sky. It was Thiassi in his eagle dress.

The gods were very sad in Asgard that night. They looked for Idun everywhere, but she could not be found. Days and months went by. The gods began to grow old. Odin's beard grew long and white. Tyr's face was wrinkled. Even Thor was not as strong as he used to be. And another strange thing happened. While Idun had lived in Asgard it was always summer. But as soon as she had gone it began to grow cold. Ice covered everything. It seemed as if they were in the power of the frost giants.

At last Odin called the gods together and asked each one what he knew about Idun. Loki was not there. Some said that the last time they saw Idun she was with Loki. So Loki was sent for. He came in, pale and trembling.

"You have stolen Idun and her apples," said Odin.

Loki saw that he could not deceive them this time. So he told them the whole story. The gods were very angry. Thor seized his hammer and swung it over Loki's head.

"Loki, you shall feel this hammer," he said, "if you do not bring back Idun and the apples."

Loki was frightened. He thought a minute. Then he said, "I will see what I can do, if Freya will lend me her falcon dress."

Now, whoever put on this falcon dress was changed at once into a falcon and could fly far and swiftly over the earth and over the sea.

Freya let Loki take the falcon dress. He put it on and flew away over the walls of Asgard.

When Loki reached Thiassi's castle, the frost giant had gone fishing. Loki flew several times around the castle. He saw a light like sunshine coming out of one of the castle windows.

"Ah!" he said to himself, "that looks like Idun."

He flew straight up to the window and looked in. There sat Idun with her beautiful hair falling over

her shoulders, and the room was full of light. She made even the frost castle bright and warm. Loki nodded his head at her and said, "I have come to take you home."

"Who are you?" asked Idun.

"I am Loki," he said.

"Then go away," she answered angrily, "for you have done me harm enough."

But Loki looked at her steadily, and in a moment she was changed into a nut and the box of apples became about as big as a pea. He seized the nut in one of his claws and the box of apples in the other and flew out of the window and away, like the wind, toward Asgard.

He had not gone far when Thiassi came home. Idun was gone, and a bird was flying away to the south, so far that it seemed like a speck. "This is some trick," said Thiassi. More quickly than it takes to tell it, he put on his eagle suit and flew after the bird.

Then followed such a race as no man has ever seen before or since. The great eagle shot like an arrow over mountains and sea and forest,

looking always at the speck before him. At last the speck grew larger. Thiassi was gaining upon it. He then saw that it was a falcon. "That is Freya's falcon dress," he said. "It is one of the gods!" Nearer and nearer he came. Loki was half dead with fear but he flew as he had never flown before.

On and on they went. The gods saw them and went up on the walls of Asgard. There they made ready great fires, for fire is the one thing that the frost giants fear most. The fires were just ready to light when Loki, in the falcon dress, shot over the walls and tumbled in a heap upon the ground. Thiassi, the eagle, was just behind him, going too swiftly to stop. The fires blazed up. He flew straight into them, and that was the end of Thiassi.

Idun was changed back into her own shape again. The apples grew to their natural size. The gods ate of them and were young and strong once more.

grōve ănx'ioŭs lў s'tō'lĕn Freya (Frā'ya)
fal'con (faw'k'n) stĕad'ĭ lў

HOW THOR LOST HIS HAMMER AND FOUND IT

I

One morning when Thor woke up he reached for his hammer, and it was gone! He looked for it a long time but could not find it. Then he grew angry. Lightnings flashed from his eyes and from his fiery beard.

"Loki!" he cried, "the frost giants have taken my hammer!"

"What makes you think so?" asked Loki.

"They knew that as long as I kept it they could not get into Asgard," answered Thor. "They have tried hard to get it. Now they have it."

"I will find out where it is," said Loki, "if Freya will lend me her falcon dress."

So they went to Freya, and she lent Loki her falcon dress. Loki put on the falcon dress and flew away to the home of the frost giants. When he reached there he found the giant Thrym sitting on a great hill, making collars of gold for his dogs and smoothing his horses' manes. He

saw Loki under the falcon dress and said: "How are the gods this morning, Loki? And how are the dwarfs? And why have you come here?"

"The gods are not happy; neither are the dwarfs," said Loki: "and I have come to ask you where you have hidden Thor's hammer."

Thrym laughed loud and long. Then he said, "I have hidden Thor's hammer eight miles underground, and I will not give it up unless Freya will come and be my wife."

"Ah!" said Loki, "that is a large price to pay, but I will see what I can do." And he flew back to Asgard.

When Thor saw him coming, he called out, "What luck have you had, Loki? Tell me your story as you fly."

Loki told him his story. Thor's face grew dark. "Come," he said, "we must go to Freya."

When they came to the door of Freya's palace, Thor called to her, "Make ready your wedding dress, Freya, for you must go with us to the home of the frost giants and become the bride of Thrym."

Now it was Freya's turn to be angry. She was so angry that the palace trembled, and her beautiful necklace of stars broke into pieces and fell upon the floor.

"I will never go with you to the home of the frost giants!" she cried. "I will never be the bride of Thrym!"

That seemed to settle the matter. So the gods came together and tried to plan what else they could do. They must get the hammer back or the frost giants would soon be upon them.

At last one of the gods spoke up. "Let Thor be dressed in one of Freya's dresses. Let a bunch of keys be hung at his side, and precious stones upon his breast, and Freya's beautiful necklace of stars about his neck. Put over him a bridal veil reaching from his head to his feet. So he may get back the hammer."

Thor was angry at this. "You will make fun of me," he said.

Loki went away and hid his face in his hands to keep from laughing. It would be such fun to see Thor in a wedding dress!

The gods thought it all over and told Thor at last that it was the only way to get the hammer.

Thor grumbled, but he let them dress him as they pleased. So they put on a long wedding dress; they mended the necklace of stars and placed it about his neck; they hung precious stones upon his breast and a bunch of keys at his side; and last of all they put on him the bridal veil, reaching from his head to his feet.

He looked so large and walked with such a stride that some of the gods began to laugh. But Thor turned quickly; the lightnings shot out of his eyes; and the gods suddenly became serious.

Loki also dressed like a woman and went with Thor as his serving maid. Thor's goats were hitched to his wagon. Thor and Loki got in, and away they went like the wind! The mountains cracked beneath the wheels. The earth smoked and burned. That was a famous wedding journey! The thunder god was to be a bride!

Thrȳm	mānes	prīce	brīde
sĕt′tle	brĕast	brīd′al	grŭm′bled
serv′ĭng	hĭtched	strīde	sē′rĭ oŭs

II

Thrym, the king of the frost giants, saw them coming.

"Up, giants!" he shouted. "Make ready the seats, for Freya the beautiful is coming! She is to be my bride! Bring out the cows with the golden horns! Bring out the black oxen! I have many treasures. All that I needed to make me happy was Freya, and now I have her too."

The giants went out to meet the bride. The bride seemed very proud and did not speak. A long veil covered her from her head to her feet. She was tall and large. "Ah," said Thrym, "is she not fit to be a giant's bride?"

In the evening they all sat down to the wedding supper. The great tables were loaded with meats and all sorts of food. The bride ate everything that she could reach. The giants were astonished that she could eat so much. She ate a whole ox and eight large salmon, besides all the cakes and sweet things that they had made ready for her. Then, to finish the meal, she drank three barrels of mead.

"I never thought a bride could eat so much, nor a maiden drink so much," said Thrym.

"'WHY ARE FREYA'S EYES SO BRIGHT?' HE SAID"

Loki, the serving maid, spoke up, "For eight days she has eaten nothing, she has been so happy."

Thrym was pleased at this and started to lift the veil and kiss the bride. But the lightnings darted from her eyes through the veil.

Thrym sprang back. "Why are Freya's eyes so bright?" he said. "They burn me."

Loki again spoke. "For eight nights she has not slept, she has been so happy."

Then Thrym's sister came into the hall. She turned to the bride and said: "Make me a gift. If you would have me love you, give me those golden rings upon your hands." But the bride answered not a word.

Thrym arose. "Bring in the hammer," he shouted. "Lay it in the lap of the bride. Then let us be married."

The hammer was brought and placed in the lap of the bride. Thor's fingers closed around the handle. He held it fast a moment. Then he arose and tore away the veil, and his look was terrible. He swung his hammer around his head. The lightnings flashed. The thunder roared. The house shook like an earthquake. For gifts he gave the giants blows with the hammer. Then he went back to Asgard with Loki, and the giants did not trouble him for many years.

salmon (săm′ŭn) bär′rels mēad earth′quāke

SONGS OF GOD AND OUR COUNTRY

A SONG FOR FLAG DAY[1]

WILBUR D. NESBIT

Your flag and my flag,
  And how it flies to-day
In your land and my land
  And half a world away!
Rose-red and blood-red
  The stripes forever gleam;
Snow-white and soul-white —
  The good forefathers' dream;
Sky-blue and true blue, with stars to gleam aright —
The gloried guidon of the day; a shelter through the night.

Your flag and my flag!
  And, oh, how much it holds —

[1] From "The Trail to Boyland," by Wilbur D. Nesbit. Copyright, 1904. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Your land and my land —
Secure within its folds!
Your heart and my heart
Beat quicker at the sight;
Sun-kissed and wind-tossed —
Red and blue and white.
The one flag — the great flag — the flag for me and you —
Glorified all else beside — the red and white and blue!

Your flag and my flag!
To every star and stripe
The drums beat as hearts beat
And fifers shrilly pipe!
Your flag and my flag —
A blessing in the sky;
Your hope and my hope —
It never hid a lie!
Home land and far land and half the world around,
Old Glory hears our glad salute and ripples to the sound!

glō′rĭed	guī′don	se cūre′	glō′rĭ fīed
fīf′ers	shrĭl′lў	sa lūte′	rĭp′ples

A SONG FOR OUR FLAG[1]

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

A bit of color against the blue —
Hues of the morning: blue for true,
And red for the kindling light of flame,
And white for a nation's stainless fame.
Oh! fling it forth to the winds afar,
With hope in its every shining star!
Under its folds, wherever found,
Thank God, we have freedom's holy ground!

Don't you love it, as out it floats
From the schoolhouse peak: and glad young throats
Sing of the banner that ay shall be
Symbol of honor and victory?
Don't you thrill when the marching feet
Of jubilant soldiers shake the street,
And the bugles shrill, and the trumpets call,
And the red, white, and blue is over us all?

hūes kĭn′dlĭng nā′tion's stāin′lĕss frēe′dom's
ay (ā) sўm′bŏl thrĭll ju′bĭ lănt bū′gles

[1] From "Young People."

THE LAMB

William Blake

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee;
Little lamb, I'll tell thee.
He is callèd by thy name,
For He calls himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild;
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are callèd by His name.
Little lamb, God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee!

de līght′ wo͝ol′lў vāles mēek mīld

THE CHILD'S WORLD

William Brighty Rands

"Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast —
World, you are beautifully drest.

"The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree —
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

"You friendly Earth, how far do you go,
With the wheat-fields that nod and the rivers that flow,
With cities and gardens and cliffs and isles
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

"Ah! you are so great, and I am so small,
I hardly can think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
A whisper inside me seemed to say:

"You are more than the Earth, though you are such a dot;
You can love and think, and the Earth cannot."

whēat'-fiēlds · clĭffs īsles prayers

A CHILD'S PRAYER

M. Betham Edwards

God make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow —
A tiny flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little flower,
That bringeth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although its place be small.

God make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad,
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

cŏn tĕnt′ nā′tĭve bow′er com′fort ĕth

BY COOL SILOAM'S SHADY RILL

REGINALD HEBER

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

Sĭ lō′ăm's Shăr′ŏn's dew′y ĭn′flu ĕnce

STORIES FROM THE BIBLE

Retold by Walter Taylor Field

JOSEPH AND HIS BROTHERS

I

A great many years ago there lived in the land of Canaan a man named Jacob. This man had twelve sons, and one of them, the next to the youngest, was called Joseph. Joseph was a good boy, and his father loved him better than any of the other sons. He gave him a coat of many colors, which Joseph greatly liked. But the older sons hated Joseph, because their father loved him.

One night Joseph had a dream. He dreamed that he was out in the field with his brothers, tying the grain up into sheaves or bundles. Suddenly his sheaf stood up as if it were alive. Then his brothers' sheaves got up and gathered around his sheaf and bowed to it. It was so strange a dream that he told it to his brothers. But they were very angry. They believed that a dream

always meant something, and they thought this dream meant that they should have to bow down to Joseph. So they hated him still more.

Then Joseph had another dream. He dreamed this time that the sun and the moon and eleven stars bowed to him. He told this dream to his brothers and also to his father. His brothers became more angry than before. Even his father did not quite like it, and said to Joseph, "Does this mean that I and your mother and your eleven brothers shall bow down to you?"

Some time after this Joseph's older brothers went out into another part of the country to take care of their father's sheep. Joseph and his youngest brother, Benjamin, were kept at home. Jacob thought often of his sons and wished to know how they were. So one day he called Joseph and said, "Go and see if all is well with your brothers and with the sheep; and bring me word."

Joseph did as his father had told him. He had some trouble in finding his brothers, but at last he saw them far off with the sheep. They saw him, too, and one of them said: "Here comes

this dreamer. Let us kill him and throw him into a pit. Then we will tell our father that some wild beast has eaten him; and we shall see what will become of his dreams."

Now Reuben, the oldest brother, did not wish to kill Joseph. So he said, "Let us throw him into the pit alive." He said this, thinking that he would come again, when his brothers had gone away, and help Joseph out, and take him home to his father.

The brothers agreed. When Joseph came they stripped off his coat of many colors and threw him into the pit. Then they sat down to eat. As they were eating they looked up, and behold there came a company of merchants with camels, carrying spices and other precious things down into Egypt.

Then another of the brothers said, "Come, let us sell Joseph to these merchants. He is our brother, after all. We ought not to let him die in the pit."

The brothers agreed to this also. So they drew Joseph up out of the pit and sold him to the merchants for twenty pieces of silver. And the merchants took him into Egypt.

"IT WAS SO STRANGE A DREAM THAT HE TOLD IT TO HIS BROTHERS"

Reuben had gone away after he had seen Joseph put into the pit. When he came back his brothers were not there. So he looked into the pit, thinking to find Joseph and to take him out. But Joseph was gone. Greatly frightened, he hunted up his brothers and said, "The child is not there; and I — where shall I go?"

They told him what they had done, and they killed a young goat and dipped Joseph's coat of many colors into the blood. Then they took the coat to their father and told him they had found it and asked him if he thought it was Joseph's coat. Jacob knew it at once. Of course it was Joseph's coat. There was no other coat like it. So he gave a great cry, "It is my son's coat! A wild beast has eaten him! Joseph is torn in pieces!"

Jacob mourned for Joseph many days. His sons and his daughters tried to comfort him, but he would not be comforted.

Cā′năan	Jā′cob	Jōs′ĕph	shēaves
Bĕn′ja mĭn	Reu′bĕn	be hōld′	mer′chănts
	E′gўpt	mōurned	

II

The merchants who had bought Joseph carried him down into Egypt and sold him to an officer of the Pharaoh, or King. Joseph did his work well. God was with him and prospered him in everything that he did.

When Joseph's master saw that Joseph was prospered in all things, he made Joseph overseer over all his house and lands. Joseph managed things so well that his master became very rich. But about this time he had trouble with his master's wife. She was a wicked woman and told stories about Joseph which were not true. Joseph's master believed the stories and took Joseph and put him into prison. But God was with Joseph even there. Joseph made friends with the keeper of the prison, and before long the keeper gave him charge of all the other prisoners.

Now it happened that there were two of Pharaoh's officers who had been thrown into prison. They were the chief butler and the chief baker. One night each dreamed a dream, and the next morning, when Joseph went to see them,

they were both very sad. Joseph asked them why they were so sad. They answered, "We have each dreamed a dream, and there is no one to tell us what it means."

"Tell me the dreams," said Joseph.

Then the chief butler told his dream to Joseph, and said: "In my dream, behold a vine was before me; and in the vine were three branches. And the vine budded and blossomed and brought forth ripe grapes; and Pharaoh's cup was in my hand; and I took the grapes and pressed them into Pharaoh's cup, and I gave the cup into Pharaoh's hand."

Joseph said, "This is what the dream means: The three branches are three days. In three days Pharaoh shall give you your place again, and you shall put his cup into his hand just as you used to do." Then he added: "But when all is well with you, think of me and tell Pharaoh about me, that I may be taken out of this place. For I was stolen away out of the land of the Hebrews, and I have done nothing that they should put me into prison."

When the chief baker saw that the butler's dream was good, he said to Joseph: "I also had a dream, and behold I had three white baskets on my head. In the upper basket were all kinds of baked meats for Pharaoh; and the birds did eat them out of the basket upon my head."

Joseph said, "This is the meaning of your dream: The three baskets are three days. In three days Pharaoh shall take off your head and shall hang you on a tree, and the birds shall eat you."

The third day after this was Pharaoh's birthday. He made a feast and gave the chief butler his place again, but he hanged the chief baker, as Joseph had said he would do.

But the chief butler forgot Joseph.

Two years passed. Then it happened that Pharaoh had a dream. He seemed to be standing by the river, and there came up out of the river seven fat cattle, and they fed in a meadow. Then came up out of the river seven lean cattle, and the seven lean cattle ate up the seven fat cattle. So Pharaoh awoke.

He slept again and dreamed the second time, and behold seven ears of corn came up on one stalk, strong and good. Then seven thin ears sprang up after them. The seven thin ears ate up the seven full ears. And Pharaoh awoke, and it was a dream.

In the morning he was troubled and sent for all the magicians of Egypt and all the wise men. He told them his dream, but none could tell him the meaning of it.

Then the chief butler spoke up and said: "When the chief baker and I were in prison, we each dreamed a dream. There was in the prison a young Hebrew, and he told us their meaning. And it happened as he said."

Then Pharaoh sent and called Joseph, and said: "I have dreamed a dream, and there is no one who can tell me what it means. I have heard that you understand dreams."

Joseph answered: "It is not I. It is God who shall tell Pharaoh through me."

Then Pharaoh told Joseph his dream, and Joseph said: "God has shown Pharaoh what

shall come to pass. The seven fat cattle are seven years, and the seven good ears are seven years. And the seven thin cattle that came up after the fat cattle are seven years of famine, and the seven thin ears are seven years of famine. This is what God wishes to show to Pharaoh: Behold there shall come seven years of great plenty in the land of Egypt. Then shall come seven years of famine. All the plenty shall be forgotten, and the famine shall eat up the land.

"Now let Pharaoh find a man who is wise and careful and make him an overseer over the land of Egypt. And let this man send out and gather up one fifth of all that grows in the land of Egypt during the seven years of plenty. Let him lay up the corn and the food in storehouses. Then, when the seven years of famine come, let the corn and food be used, and the people shall not die of the famine."

This seemed good to Pharaoh, and he said: "Since God has shown all this to you, there is surely none so wise as you. You shall be my overseer, and all my people shall obey you."

And Pharaoh took off his ring from his hand and put it upon Joseph's hand, and clothed him in fine linen and put a gold chain about his neck. Then he made him to ride in the second chariot which he had, and all the people cried before him, "Bow the knee!" So Joseph was made ruler over all the land of Egypt, under Pharaoh.

Phā′raōh	prŏs′pered	ō′ver sē er	prĭs′on
bŭt′ler	Hē′brews	ma gĭ′cians	făm′ĭne
stōre′hous ĕs	lĭn′ĕn	chăr′ĭ ŏt	

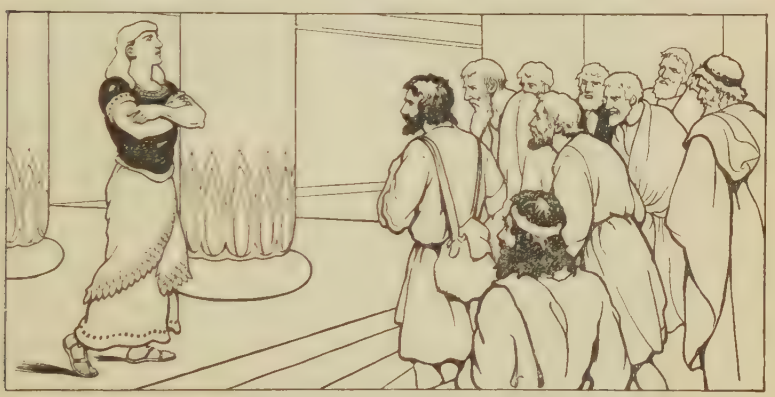
III

Now the famine was great in the land of Canaan, where Jacob lived. And when Jacob heard that there was corn in Egypt, he said to his sons, "Go down into Egypt and buy corn for us, that we may live, and not die." But Benjamin, his youngest son, he kept at home, because he was afraid some harm might come to him.

So the ten older sons went down to buy corn in Egypt, and they bowed down themselves before Joseph, with their faces to the earth. Joseph knew them, but they did not know him, and he

did not wish them to know him. So he spoke roughly to them and said, "Where do you come from?"

"We are from the land of Canaan," said they, "and we have come to Egypt to buy food."



"'WE ARE FROM THE LAND OF CANAAN,' SAID THEY"

Joseph wished to keep them a while and to hear about his father. So he said, "You are spies, and you come to see how poor we are in Egypt."

"No, my lord," they answered. "We come to buy food. We are true men. We are no spies."

"No," said Joseph; "you have come to see how poor we are." Then he asked them if their father was living, and if they had any other brothers.

And they answered: "There were twelve brothers of us, all sons of one man in the land of Canaan. The youngest is now with our father in Canaan. The next to the youngest is dead. The rest of us are here."

"You are spies," said Joseph; "and you shall not go home until you have brought your youngest brother here. One of you may go back and bring him. I will keep the rest of you here until I see whether you have told the truth." So he kept them three days.

On the third day he said to them: "I will not keep you all. I will keep only one of you. The rest may go home and carry corn, so that your people may not starve. But bring your youngest brother to me."

Then he had their sacks filled with corn, and he put into the top of each sack the money which they had paid him for it. But they did not know that he put the money in the sacks.

When the brothers got home they told Jacob all that had happened, and poured the corn out

of the sacks. And behold there was the money in the tops of the sacks. And they were afraid, for they did not know how it came there.

Jacob would not at first allow them to take Benjamin back to Egypt. But when all the food which they had brought was eaten up, he said: "If it must be so, go down to Egypt again and carry the man a present. Take twice as much money as you paid before, and take back also the money that you found in the sacks. Take also Benjamin, and go again to the man. May God help you, so that the man may send back your other brother, and Benjamin also."

So they went again to Egypt, as Jacob had told them. And when Joseph saw them, and Benjamin with them, he said to the steward of his house, "Make a feast, for these men shall dine with me."

And they were afraid because they were brought into Joseph's house. But Joseph treated them kindly and said, "Is your father well?"

And they answered, "Our father is well." And they bowed down before him.

Then Joseph looked at Benjamin and asked, "Is this your youngest brother?" And he said to Benjamin, "God bless you, my son." And he set food before them and they ate.

Then he said to his steward: "Fill the men's sacks with food, as much as they can carry, and put back every man's money into his sack. Put also my silver cup into the sack of the youngest." And the steward did as Joseph had said.

The next morning, as soon as it was light, they started home, but Joseph wished to bring them back again. So he sent messengers after them and stopped them and looked into their sacks and found the cup in Benjamin's sack. Then the messengers said: "Is not this the cup from which Joseph drinks? Why have you taken it?" And they took Benjamin back to the city, and his brothers went with him.

Then Judah, one of the brothers, went to Joseph and said: "O my lord, let me speak a word, and be not angry. Our father is an old man, and this lad is the child of his old age, a little lad, and his brother is dead, and his father loves him.

Now, when we go back to our father and the lad is not with us, our father will die. So let me stay and be your servant, and let the lad go back with his brothers."

Then Joseph could keep back his feelings no longer. He sent every one out except his brothers. Then he wept: and he said: "I am Joseph. Come near to me." And they came near. And he said, "I am Joseph, your brother whom you sold into Egypt. Be not sorrowful or angry with yourselves because you sold me, for God sent me before you to save your lives. Make haste now and go up to my father and tell him to come down to me, and he shall live here. Let him bring his children and his children's children and his flocks and his herds and everything that he has. And I will take care of him, for there are yet five years of famine."

Then he put his arms around Benjamin and wept. And he kissed all his brothers, and they talked long together. Then Joseph gave them wagons and food for the journey, and new clothing, and to Benjamin he gave three hundred pieces of silver and five beautiful robes.

So the brothers went back to Jacob and told him, saying, "Joseph is yet alive and is governor over all the land of Egypt." And Jacob could not believe them. But when they had told him all, and when he had seen the wagons and the food, he said: "It is enough. Joseph, my son, is alive. I will go and see him before I die."

So Jacob's sons took him and their wives and their little ones in the wagons. And they took their cattle and all their goods and went down into Egypt.

And Joseph went out to meet Jacob and put his arms around him and wept on his neck a long time. And Jacob said, "Now let me die, for I have seen your face, and you are still alive."

But Joseph gave him the best land in all Egypt, and gave him food until the famine was past. So Jacob lived there, and his children, and his children's children, and his flocks, and his herds; and they prospered greatly. Jacob was also called Israel, and his children were called the children of Israel.

spīes	starve	stew′ard	fēast
mĕs′sĕn gĕrs	Ju′dah	gov′er nor	Ĭs′ra ĕl

THE STORY OF MOSES

I

At the time when this story begins, Jacob and Joseph and all his brothers had been dead for many years. But their children and their children's children had grown up and had spread over all the land of Egypt. Another Pharaoh ruled over them. He did not know or care anything about what Joseph had done, but he saw that the children of Israel prospered and were becoming greater than the people of Egypt. So he treated the children of Israel harshly and made them work for the Egyptians, making brick and building houses and cities. And at last he commanded that every son that should be born to them should be killed. This he thought would keep them from becoming too many and too strong.

Now there was a woman of the children of Israel who had a fine, strong boy, and she hid him three months so that he should not be killed. And when she could hide him no longer, she made an ark or boat of rushes and covered it with pitch,

to keep out the water. And she put the child into it and laid it among the rushes by the edge of the river. Then she sent the child's older sister to watch and see what would become of him.

Soon the daughter of Pharaoh came down to wash herself at the river; and when she saw the ark among the rushes, she sent one of her maids to bring it. And when she had opened it, she saw the child, and the child cried. Then she had pity on him and said, "This is one of the Hebrews' children."

Then the child's sister, the little Hebrew girl who had been set to watch, came up and said to Pharaoh's daughter, "Shall I go and get a nurse from among the Hebrew women to nurse the child for you?" And Pharaoh's daughter said, "Go." And the girl went and called the child's mother.

Then Pharaoh's daughter said to the mother, "Take this child away and nurse it for me, and I will pay you." And the woman took the child and nursed it. But Pharaoh's daughter did not know that the Hebrew woman was nursing her own child.

"AND WHEN SHE HAD OPENED IT, SHE SAW THE CHILD"

The child grew and became as a son to Pharaoh's daughter. And she called his name Moses.

When Moses was grown, he went out one day among the Hebrews and saw how hard they had to work; and he saw an Egyptian striking a Hebrew. At this he became very angry and struck the Egyptian in turn, and the Egyptian died. Pharaoh soon heard of this and tried to put Moses to death, but Moses fled into the land of Midian.

When he reached the land of Midian he sat down by a well; and seven daughters of Jethro came to draw water for their father's sheep, but some shepherds of Midian drove them away. Then Moses stood up and helped the daughters of Jethro and watered their sheep. When the daughters of Jethro returned to their father they told him what Moses had done. And he said: "Where is this man? Why have you left him? Call him, that he may eat bread with us." And Moses made his home with Jethro in the land of Midian, and he married one of Jethro's daughters.

Then Pharaoh died, and another Pharaoh ruled over Egypt. He treated the children of Israel still

more harshly and put still heavier burdens upon them, so that they cried for help; and God heard them.

Now Moses was keeping the sheep of Jethro, his father-in-law. And the angel of the Lord appeared to him in a flame of fire out of a bush. And he looked, and behold, the bush burned with fire, but the bush was not burned up.

Then the Lord called to Moses out of the bush and said, "Moses, Moses." And Moses said, "Here am I."

And the Lord said: "I have seen the trouble of my people which are in Egypt and have heard their cry, and I will save them from the Egyptians and bring them into a good land. Come now, and I will send you to Pharaoh, that you may bring my people out of Egypt."

Moses said, "But they will not listen to me."

"What is that in your hand?" said the Lord.

Moses answered, "It is a rod."

The Lord said, "Throw it down upon the ground." And Moses threw it upon the ground, and it became a serpent.

Then the Lord said to Moses, "Put out your hand and take it."

Moses put out his hand and took it, and it became a rod in his hand.

Then the Lord commanded Moses to show this wonder to the children of Israel, to make them believe.

But Moses said, "O my Lord, I am slow of speech, and I cannot speak to them."

The Lord answered: "Your brother Aaron can speak well. Let him speak for you, and I will teach you both what you shall do."

E gŷp′tiăns	com măn′ĕd	rŭsh′ĕs	pĭtch
māid	Mĭd′ĭ ăn	Jĕth′rō	ap pēared′
ser′pĕnt	spēech	Aar′on	

II

Then Moses and Aaron went to Pharaoh and commanded him, in the name of the Lord, to let the Hebrews go. And Pharaoh would not. So Moses said to Aaron, "Throw down the rod." And Aaron took the rod and threw it down before Pharaoh, and it became a serpent.

Then Pharaoh called the wise men and the magicians of Egypt and they threw down their rods, and their rods likewise became serpents. But Aaron's rod swallowed up their rods. Still Pharaoh would not let the people go.

So the Lord said to Moses: "In the morning, when Pharaoh goes down to the river, stand by the water and take your rod in your hand. Then strike with your rod upon the water of the river, and the water shall be turned to blood, and all the water in Egypt shall be turned to blood."

So Moses and Aaron did as the Lord commanded. Moses struck the water with his rod and the water was turned to blood, and the fish died, and the Egyptians could not drink of the water.

After seven days the Lord said to Moses, "Go to Pharaoh and say, 'Let my people go'; and if he will not let them go, then shall Aaron stretch the rod over the rivers and over the ponds, and frogs shall come up over the land of Egypt, into Pharaoh's house, and into his bed, and into the houses of all the Egyptians, and into their ovens, and where they make their bread."

So Aaron stretched out his hand over the waters, and the frogs came up and covered the land of Egypt.

Then Pharaoh called for Moses and Aaron, and said, "Pray the Lord that he take away the frogs, and I will let the people go." So Moses prayed to the Lord, and he took away the frogs out of Egypt. But when Pharaoh saw that the frogs were gone, he did not let the people go.

Then the Lord sent other plagues upon Egypt, one after another — different sorts of insects, and different sorts of sickness, and hail, and thick darkness. But still Pharaoh would not let the people go.

Last of all, the oldest child in every family of the Egyptians grew sick and died. But the Lord commanded every family of the children of Israel to kill a lamb, and to roast and eat it, and to sprinkle their doorposts and the tops of their doors with the blood of the lamb. So when the angel of death came through the land to take the first-born of the Egyptians, he *passed over* the houses where there was blood upon the doorposts.

So none of the children of Israel died. And ever after that the children of Israel made a feast each year upon that day, and they called it the Pass-over.

Now when the first-born of all the Egyptians died, Pharaoh called Moses and Aaron, by night, and said, "Rise up and go out of Egypt, you and

"PHARAOH CALLED MOSES AND AARON, BY NIGHT"

the children of Israel, and take your sheep and your cattle and be gone." So they rose up and went out.

When Pharaoh heard that the children of Israel had gone, he was sorry that he had let them go; and he said, "Why have we let them go from serving us?" So he and the Egyptians took all their chariots and horses and followed after the Israelites, and overtook them by the Red Sea.

The children of Israel were afraid when they saw the Egyptians, but Moses said, "Fear not," and he stretched out his rod over the sea. And a strong east wind came and blew all that night. It blew the waters so that they were piled up like a wall, and the children of Israel passed through the sea upon the dry ground.

Then the Egyptians followed them through the sea, but the Egyptians went slowly, for their chariot wheels came off and they often had to stop. And when the children of Israel had passed through the sea, the waters returned after them and covered the chariots and the horsemen of the Egyptians and all the army of Pharaoh.

Then Moses led the children of Israel through the desert. And the Lord was with them. And a cloud went before them by day, and a bright cloud, like fire, went before them by night, to show them the way. And every evening quails came down and covered the camp, so that the children of Israel might have meat to eat; and every morning the ground was covered with a food which they called manna, and which they used for bread.

While they were in the desert the Lord called Moses up into a mountain and gave him ten commandments to give to the children of Israel. And the ten commandments were written upon two pieces of stone. Other strange things also happened to them in the desert.

But after many days they came to the land of Canaan, and they sent spies to spy out the land. And the spies found grapes and figs and fruit of many kinds. And they brought back a great bunch of grapes, greater than the Israelites had ever seen before, and many other fruits. They said it was a land flowing with milk and honey. But they also said that it was full of strong men and great cities, and that the men were much taller and larger and stronger than they.

Then two of the spies, Caleb and Joshua, said, "Let us go up at once and take this land, for if God is with us, we are well able to do it." But the others were afraid and said, "We are not able to go up against this people."

Then all the children of Israel cried aloud and said, "Let us go back to Egypt."

And the Lord said to Moses and Aaron: "They shall not go into the land, because they will not believe in me. They shall die in the desert; but after forty years their children shall be grown up, and their children shall go in and take the land which I have given to them. But Caleb and Joshua shall live to go in."

Then the children of Israel turned back, and many died in the desert, and the rest wandered there forty years. And at last, when the old men had died and the children had grown up, they came again to the land of Canaan.

Then God said to Moses, "Let Joshua lead the people into the land and take it." So Moses went up into a mountain where he could look over into the promised land. The Lord showed him all the land, and it was a good land, and Moses was glad. Then Moses died there, and the Lord buried him in a valley, but no man knows where he was buried.

swal′lōwed	ov′ĕns	dĕs′ert	măn′na
com măn′dments	Ĭs′ra ĕl ītes	Cā′lĕb	Jŏsh′u a

SLUMBER SONGS BY EUGENE FIELD

A STORY ABOUT EUGENE FIELD

Alice and Harold were both sitting on Papa's lap, one on each knee. It was just about bedtime, and whenever they could, they liked to have a little talk with Papa before they went to bed. Alice began:

"We read a poem by Eugene Field in school to-day."

"Who is Eugene Field?" asked Papa.

"Don't you know?" said Alice.

"I know something about him, but I should like to hear what you know," said Papa.

"Well," said Alice, "he was born in St. Louis, and his mother died when he was only six years old. So he and his brother went to live with their cousin in New England. This cousin took care of him just like a mother. Eugene went to school, and played ball, and went fishing and skating and coasting down the long hills, and did all sorts of

things that boys like to do. He was full of fun and he loved animals. He had all sorts of pets — cats and dogs and birds and chickens and a goat. He made up a funny name for each one of them. I don't remember them all, but I think one of his chickens was Finniken and another was Minniken and another was Boog, or something like that."

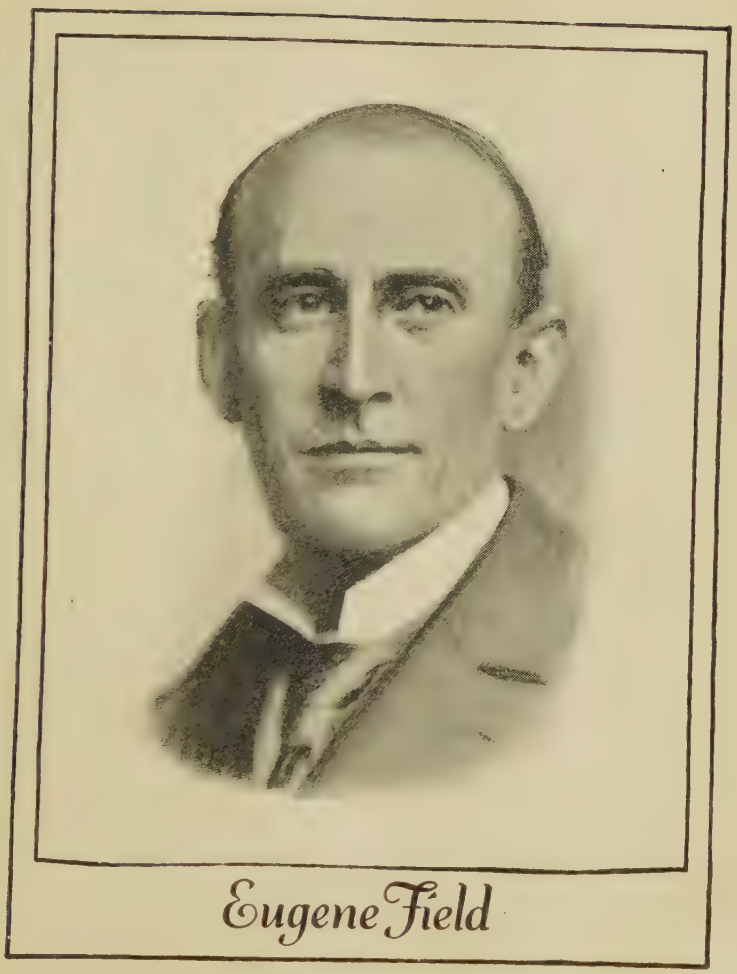
"Boog!" said Harold. "Ha, ha! That's a funny name. I am going to call my little white rabbit Boog."

"That's a good name," said Papa; "but go on with your story, Alice. It is fine! What did Mr. Field do after he grew up?"

"He went to college and then wrote for a newspaper. He wrote for newspapers in several places, and at last went to Chicago. He lived there a long time and wrote a great many poems, and was very fond of children and very much loved by everybody. Now, please tell us what you know about him."

"I knew Mr. Field in Chicago," said Papa.

"Did you?" cried Alice. "I should like to have known him."



Eugene Field

"He would have liked to know you," said Papa. "He liked all children, but I think you are just the sort of little girl that he would have liked especially. He used to carry candy in his pockets to give to his young friends, and he generally had a few extra dolls at home, so that when a nice little girl came to see him he could give her a doll."

"He must have liked dolls," said Alice.

"He liked them so well," said Papa, "that he made a collection of them. He bought some while he was traveling in far-away countries. Then his friends sent him a great many more. He had dolls from all over the world — and people used to come to see them and laugh over them. I saw them once. One was a very old woman, and one was a soldier, and one was a colored man with a tall hat, and one was an Indian, and one was a clown, and then there were some frightful looking dolls from Africa and the islands of the Pacific Ocean."

"Did he have any children of his own?" asked Harold.

"Yes, he had five when I knew him in Chicago," said Papa. "There were three others, who died. He had pet names for all his children. One was Trotty, and one was Pinny, and one was Posy. Posy was being rocked to sleep one day, and it was hard for him to shut his eyes. Mr. Field sat down and wrote a song for him. It was "The Rock-a-By Lady from Hush-a-By Street."

"Oh, I know that," said Alice.

"I once saw Mr. Field down on his knees in the street, playing marbles with some boys," said Papa. "He thought it was just as good fun as when he was a boy himself. The truth is, he never got over being a boy; and that was why children always loved him so."

Alice and Harold kissed Papa good night and went upstairs to bed. And as they went Papa sang after them,

"So, so, rock-a-by so!
Off to the garden where dreamikins grow."

St. Lou'ĭs	New Eng'lănd	Fĭn'nĭ kĕn	Bo͝og
news'pā per	Chĭ ca'gō	ĕs pē'ciăl lў	cŏl lĕc'tion
clown	Pa cĭf'ĭc	Pĭn'nў	drēam'ĭ kĭns

THE ROCK-A-BY LADY

The Rock-a-by Lady from Hush-a-by street
Comes stealing; comes creeping;
The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,
And each hath a dream that is tiny and fleet —
She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,
When she findeth you sleeping!

There is one little dream of a beautiful drum —
"Rub-a-dub!" it goeth;
There is one little dream of a big sugar-plum,

And lo! thick and fast the other dreams come
Of pop-guns that bang, and tin tops that hum,
And a trumpet that bloweth!

And dollies peep out of those wee little dreams
With laughter and singing;
And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,
And the stars peek-a-boo with their own misty gleams,
And up, up, and up, where the Mother Moon beams,
The fairies go winging!

Would you dream all these dreams that are tiny and fleet?
They 'll come to you sleeping;
So shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,
For the Rock-a-by Lady from Hush-a-by street,
With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,
Comes stealing; comes creeping.

pŏp′pĭes	tī′nў	flēet	pŏp′-gŭns
a-flōat′ĭng	glēams	wĭng′ĭng	wēa′rў

SO, SO, ROCK-A-BY SO!

So, so, rock-a-by so!
Off to the garden where dreamikins grow;
And here is a kiss on your winky-blink eyes,
And here is a kiss on your dimple-down cheek,
And here is a kiss for the treasure that lies
In the beautiful garden way up in the skies
Which you seek.
Now mind these three kisses wherever you go —
So, so, rock-a-by so!

There 's one little fum-fay who lives there, I know,
For he dances all night where the dreamikins grow;
I send him this kiss on your droopy-drop eyes,
I send him this kiss on your rosy-red cheek,
And here is a kiss for the dream that shall rise
When the fum-fay shall dance in those far-away skies
Which you seek.
Be sure that you pay those three kisses you owe —
So, so, rock-a-by so!

And, by-low, as you rock-a-by go,
Don't forget mother who loveth you so!
And here is her kiss on your weepy-deep eyes,
And here is her kiss on your peachy-pink cheek,
And here is her kiss for the dreamland that lies

"SO, SO, ROCK-A-BY SO"

Like a babe on the breast of those far-away skies
Which you seek —
The blinky-wink garden where dreamikins grow —
So, so, rock-a-by so!

wĭnk′ў-blĭnk	dĭm′ple-down	fŭm′-fāy	drōōp′ў-drŏp
rōs′ў-red	wēep′ў-dēep	ōwe	pēach′ў-pĭnk

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe —
Sailed on a river of crystal light,
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in this beautiful sea:
Nets of silver and gold have we!"
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in that beautiful sea —
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish —
Never afeard are we;"

So cried the stars to the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam —
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;
'T was all so pretty a sail it seemed
As if it could not be,
And some folks thought 't was a dream they 'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea —
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed.

So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wȳnk′en	Blȳnk′en	crȳs′tal	hĕr′rĭng
a fēard′	fĭsh′er mĕn	trŭn′dle-bĕd	mĭst′ȳ

EDWARD LEAR AND HIS NONSENSE SONGS

SOMETHING ABOUT EDWARD LEAR

Mrs. Jones was calling on Mamma one afternoon. Harold was curled up in a chair, reading. He had a broad grin upon his face, and now and then he would shake with laughter.

"What is the matter with the child?" asked Mrs. Jones.

"He is reading some of Edward Lear's verses," said Mamma.

"If they are as funny as that, I should like to see them," said Mrs. Jones.

Harold handed her the book. She took it and began to read:

"Said Mr. Daddy Long-legs, 'I can never sing again:
And, if you wish, I'll tell you why, although it gives me pain,
For years I cannot hum a bit, or sing the smallest song;
And this the dreadful reason is: My legs have grown
too long.'"

Mrs. Jones looked serious. "It is n't reasonable," she said.

Mamma had a queer look in her eyes, as if she wanted to laugh but thought it would not be polite.

"No, it is n't reasonable," said Mamma, "and that is what makes it funny."

"Who is this Mr. Lear?" asked Mrs. Jones.

"He was an artist who lived in England a number of years ago," said Mamma. "He began to write his nonsense verses when I was a very little girl. He wrote them to amuse some children whom he knew, but he found that many other children were amused by them, too. So he put the verses into a book."

"These pictures are frightful," said Mrs. Jones. "They look as if they had been drawn by a child. Mr. Lear could not have been a very good artist, if he drew them."

"He was a very good artist," said Mamma, "but he drew these pictures as a child would draw them, because it pleased the children to see him draw them in that way. He was a great traveler, and as he traveled, he drew pictures of mountains and

trees and birds and all the interesting things that he saw. Then he had them printed in books.

"He used to wear a very large, full beard, and some of the children liked to climb up into his lap and pull it. He wrote a verse about it. Here it is:

"There was an old man with a beard
Who said, 'It is just as I feared!
Two owls and a hen, four larks and a wren,
Have all built their nests in my beard.'"

"I like 'The Duck and the Kangaroo,'" said Harold. So Mamma opened the book and read:

"'Please give me a ride on your back,'
Said the duck to the kangaroo:
'I would sit quite still, and say nothing but *quack*,
The whole of the long day through;
And we'd go to the Dee, and the Jelly Bo Lee,
Over the land and over the sea:
Please take me a ride! oh, do!'
Said the duck to the kangaroo."

Mrs. Jones still thought it was n't very sensible, but Harold and some of the rest of us enjoy it.

Lēar	rēa′son a ble	art′ist	nŏn′sĕnse
a mūse′	prĭnt′ĕd	wrĕn	kăn ga rōō′

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat:
They took some honey, and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy, O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are, you are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl,
How charmingly sweet you sing!
Oh! let us be married; too long we have tarried:
But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away for a year and a day,
To the land where the bong-tree grows;
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood,
With a ring at the end of his nose,
His nose, his nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined upon mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon, the moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

guĭ tar′	ĕl′e gant	fowl	tăr′rĭed
bŏng′-trēe	shĭl′lĭng	quĭnce	rŭn′cĭ ble

CALICO PIE

Calico pie,
The little birds fly
Down to the calico-tree:
Their wings were blue,
And they sang "Tilly-loo!"
Till away they flew;
And they never came back to me!
They never came back, they never came back,
They never came back to me!

căl′ĭ cō	tĭl lў-lo͞o′

THE JUMBLIES

They went to sea in a sieve, they did;
In a sieve they went to sea:
In spite of all their friends could say,
On a winter's morn, on a stormy day,
In a sieve they went to sea.
And when the sieve turned round and round,
And every one cried, "You 'll all be drowned!"
They called aloud, "Our sieve 's not big;
But we don't care a button, we don't care a fig:
In a sieve we 'll go to sea!"
Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live:
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;
And they went to sea in a sieve.

They sailed away in a sieve, they did —
In a sieve they sailed so fast,
With only a beautiful pea-green veil
Tied with a ribbon, by way of a sail,
To a small tobacco-pipe mast.
And every one said who saw them go,

"Oh! won't they be soon upset, you know?
For the sky is dark, and the voyage is long;
And, happen what may, it's extremely wrong
In a sieve to sail so fast."

The water it soon came in, it did;
The water it soon came in.
So, to keep them dry, they wrapped their feet
In a pinky paper all folded neat;
And they fastened it down with a pin.
And they passed the night in a crockery-jar;
And each of them said, "How wise we are!
Though the sky be dark, and the voyage be long,
Yet we never can think we were rash or wrong,
While round in our sieve we spin."

They sailed to the Western Sea, they did —
To a land all covered with trees:
And they bought an owl, and a useful cart,
And a pound of rice, and a cranberry-tart,
And a hive of silvery bees;
And they bought a pig, and some green jackdaws,
And a lovely monkey with lollipop paws,
And forty bottles of ring-bo-ree,
And no end of Stilton cheese.

And in twenty years they all came back —
In twenty years or more;
And every one said, "How tall they 've grown!
For they 've been to the Lakes, and the Torrible Zone,
And the hills of the Chankly Bore."
And they drank their health, and gave them a feast
Of dumplings made of beautiful yeast;
And every one said, "If we only live,
We too will go to sea in a sieve,
To the hills of the Chankly Bore."
Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live:
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;
And they went to sea in a sieve.

Jŭm′blĭes	sĭeve	voy′age	ĕx trēme′lў
pĭnk′ў	crŏck′er ў	jăck′daws	lŏl′lĭ pŏp
bŏt′tles	Stĭl′ton	Tŏr′rĭ ble Zōne′	Chănk′lў Bōre′

STORIES OF THE GREEKS

Retold by Walter Taylor Field

THE GODS WHO LIVED ON OLYMPUS

Long, long ago in the pleasant land of Greece lived a people who were in love with everything that was beautiful. We might call them a race of poets. When they looked up into the sky and saw the sun rise and roll through the heavens and go down into the western sea, they said it was Apollo in his fiery car, driving his horses through the sky. When they saw the lightning and heard the thunder, they said it was Zeus throwing his thunderbolts down from heaven. When they saw the spring return each year, they said it was the maiden Persephone coming back to visit her old mother, the Earth; and when summer went away, they said Persephone had gone back to her home under the sea.

The Greeks did not know the one great God in whom we believe. But they felt that there

must be some one who made the sunshine and the rain and the springtime and the growing grass. They thought, also, that it was too much for one god to do, and so they thought there must be many gods — one god for the storm, one for the sunshine, one for the ocean, one for all growing things. They thought these gods must live high up above the world, and yet they must be in the world. So they said the gods lived on the top of Olympus, a high mountain in Greece. That was the highest place that they knew anything about.

Now when you read these tales of the Greek gods, do not think that they are only stories, told for the fun of telling them. They meant something to those old Greeks. It was their way of trying to tell the reason for the things that they saw in the sky and on the earth and in the sea. Later, when the Greeks began to think more of food and drink and pleasure than of doing right, there were added many foolish stories that mean nothing.

The king of all their gods was Zeus. He was the god of the clouds, the rain, the storm, and

the lightning. He sat upon a golden throne and could see all over the world. His wife was the beautiful Hera, queen of the gods. She had large soft eyes, and wore golden sandals, and rode in a wonderful car with golden wheels, and was very proud and noble. She was the one who took care of all wives and mothers.

Athena was the daughter of Zeus. It was said that one day she leaped out of her father's head, full-grown, with a breastplate upon her and a shield and a spear in her hand. She was very wise and strong. She was the goddess of learning and of war and of spinning and of weaving and of many things besides. Sometimes she used to handle the thunder and the lightning, as well as father could. She was one of the most noble l the family of the gods.

ollo was the god of the sun. He had a bow, and when men were wicked on the he would shoot them with his arrows of His arrows were the sunbeams. They did rm the good, but the wicked they destroyed. was also the god of music and of poetry.

Hermes was the messenger of the gods. He went on all their errands. He wore golden sandals with wings upon them, and a hat with wings, and he carried a magic wand with snakes twisted around it and wings upon the top. When he waved this wand over any one, it would bring sleep and dreams. Hermes could fly through the air as swiftly as the wind. He knew where everything was to be found. He helped travelers on their way. He was young and strong and cunning, and was very fond of all games.

The Greeks had other gods than these. Some were good and some were partly good, but none were quite perfect. Their gods seemed very much like great men and women who could see farther and who had more power than earthly men.

Ō lym′pŭs	Grēece	A pŏl′lō	Zeūs
Pĕr sĕph′ō nē	Hē′ra	săn′dals	A thē′na
brĕast′plāte	shiēld	gŏd′dĕss	Hĕr′mēs

Note. The Romans spoke of these same gods, but called them by other names. They called Zeus, Jū′pĭ ter; they called Hera, Jū′nō; they called Athena, Mĭ nĕr′va; and Hermes, Mĕr cū′rĭ ŭs or Mĕr′cū rў. They called Apollo by the same name that the Greeks had given him.

HOW THE HORSES OF THE SUN RAN AWAY

Old stories tell us that ages and ages ago a wonderful boy named Phaethon lived with his mother far away in Africa. The father of Phaethon was Apollo, the sun god. The boy had never seen his father close at hand, but was very proud of him and used to watch him every day rolling through the sky in his golden car, so bright that the sight of it almost blinded him. And as he looked, he longed to be nearer to his father and to talk with him.

One day his mother said, "Go, Phaethon, and seek your father. The Sunrise palace from which he starts out every morning is not hard to find, and I know he will be glad to see you."

Phaethon sprang up, full of joy at his mother's words, and set forth at once upon his journey. He went to the east — away to the east, to the land of the sunrise, and at last reached the high mountain where the Sunrise palace stood. The path was steep, but he climbed it eagerly, and there rose the beautiful house before him. It

was bright with gold and precious stones, and it had great silver doors carved with gods and men and cities and strange creatures of the sea.

Phaethon entered the palace, and there sat his father in a purple robe upon a throne that sparkled with precious stones. Around him stood the Hours, the Days, the Months, the Seasons, and the Years. Phaethon stood still, for the light was so bright that he could come no nearer.

But his father saw him and said, "Phaethon, my boy, what do you wish?"

And Phaethon said, "Only to have you call me your son."

Then the father took off the shining sunbeams that he wore about his head and said, "Come, my son."

Phaethon rushed into his father's arms and his father held him fast, saying to him, "Ask of me any gift you please, my boy, and you shall have it."

Phaethon thought how often he had watched his father driving the fiery sun horses through the heavens, and at once cried out, "Let me drive your horses for a day."

The sun god shook his head sadly. "My promise was a rash one," he said. "Ask something else, for this thing is not safe for you. Even Zeus cannot guide my fiery car, and who is greater than Zeus? The road is hard to keep. The first part of it is so steep that the horses, even though they are fresh, and it is morning, can hardly climb it. The middle part is high — so high that even I myself am often dizzy as I look down. The last part sinks quickly into the sea, and it is hard to hold the horses back. Then, too, the heavens are always spinning round, and you must pass among those frightful creatures that are marked out by the stars. You must pass between the horns of the great Bull, and the jaws of the Lion, and the cruel claws of the Scorpion and of the Crab; and many more such creatures must you pass. The horses prance and paw the air when they see these things. It is hard even for me to hold them. So, my son, do not ask this, for it will not be a gift. It will be a punishment."

But Phaethon did not listen to his father's words. He was thinking how glorious it would

be to drive the car. Apollo had promised it, and Phaethon knew that the sun god would not break his promise. So he only said, "O father, I want nothing else."

Apollo said no more, but led the rash boy sadly into the hall where stood the high golden car. While Phaethon was looking at it, wild with joy, the goddess of the Dawn came and opened the purple doors of the east. The stars all marched away in order, and last of all the Day-star followed them. The sky and the earth grew red. Then Apollo ordered the swift Hours to hitch up the sun horses, and the horses came out of their stable prancing and breathing forth flames.

When they were hitched to the car, Apollo touched the face of young Phaethon with a magic juice, and the boy no longer felt the burning flames. Then Apollo bound about the head of Phaethon his blazing crown of sunbeams, and all was ready.

"Hold the horses tight and do not use the whip," said the sun god. "They will go fast enough. Follow where you see the marks of

wheels and do not drive too low or too high. For if you drive too low you will set fire to the earth, and if you drive too high you will burn up the stars. Here are the reins."

Phaethon leaped into the car, seized the reins, and thanked his father joyfully. Then the horses dashed away through the clouds. The car was not so heavy as when Apollo rode in it. The horses felt the difference. They tossed it about in the air, as an empty ship is tossed about upon the sea. They rushed headlong and left the traveled road. Phaethon did not know which way to turn them. He could not hold them in. They went first to the north. There the Great Bear and the Little Bear were so burned with the heat that they tried to jump into the ocean. The great Snake that twists himself around the North Pole thawed out and began to hiss and raise his head.

Then Phaethon looked down. There lay the earth, far, far below him and so small that he could hardly see it. He grew pale with fright. His knees shook together. He wished that he

had never touched the horses of the sun. He looked forward toward the west, and then backward toward the east. What could he do?

The great Scorpion then stretched out its terrible claws toward him and lashed its tail. At that, Phaethon, half dead with fright, dropped the reins, and the horses dashed off into places where no one had ever been before. They went high in the air; then they sank down almost to the earth. The moon was astonished to see the car of the sun running under her own. The clouds began to smoke. The mountains cracked with the heat and sent out flames. The grass and the trees and the standing corn were all burned up. Great cities were destroyed. All the world was on fire. The rivers boiled with the heat. The Nile ran up into the desert and hid its head. The ocean steamed and bubbled, and a part of it was dried up, making the Great Desert. The ground cracked open, and the light reached down through the cracks into the Underworld. Poseidon,[1] the god of the sea, three times

[1] The Romans called Poseidon, the god of the sea, Nĕp'tūne.

lifted his arms out of the water and three times sank back again. He could not stand the heat.

"PHAETHON, HALF DEAD WITH FRIGHT, DROPPED THE REINS"

Then Mother Earth put her hands before her face and, shaking with fear, called to Zeus:

"O king of the gods, if you wish me to die, 5

kill me at once with your thunderbolts. See my scorched hair and the ashes upon my face. Save your brother Poseidon too, the god of the sea. Save your own kingdom of the sky, for Atlas is fainting and can no longer bear the heavens upon his shoulders."

Then Zeus called to Apollo and to the other gods and said, "I must give help, or all things will be destroyed." The clouds had been burned up and there was no rain to send upon the earth, but Zeus thundered from the clear sky and threw a bolt of lightning straight at Phaethon. The rash boy fell headlong from the car, his long yellow hair blazing like a falling star. Into a great river he fell, and the waves closed over him.

Apollo, the sun god, caught the horses, and the car was mended, but all of the next day he hid his face and wept for his boy. And there was no light.

Phā′ē thŏn	guīde	dĭz′zy̆	Scŏr′pĭ on
glō′rĭ oŭs	jūice	hĭss	lăshed
Po seī′dŏn	scorched	Ăt′lăs	

HOW THE FLOWERS WENT AND CAME AGAIN

In the lovely valley of Enna lay a quiet lake with groves and meadows all around it, and in the meadows grew flowers more beautiful than any others that could be found on earth. It was always summer there. For Demeter,[1] the earth mother, lived near this spot, and she loved it and made it very fruitful.

Now Demeter had a fair young daughter named Persephone,[1] who was almost like a flower herself, she was so bright and sweet. Her favorite playground was the meadow beside this little lake, and many an afternoon she spent there gathering flowers.

One day as she was playing there with some of her friends the water nymphs and was gathering violets and white lilies, she saw coming toward her a wonderful black chariot, drawn by four prancing black horses. In the chariot a figure was standing, tall and dark and noble, with the black

[1] The Romans called Demeter, Cē'rēs; Persephone, Prŏ ser'pĭ na, and Dis, Plū'tō.

reins in his hands. He looked at Persephone, and she knew from his look that he was no man, but a god. Then he stopped his horses beside the place where she was kneeling in the grass. He looked at her long and earnestly, and beckoned to her to come. She did not wish to go, but she could not choose. So the noble stranger helped her into the chariot. The four black horses shook their manes and sped away. And as they went, Persephone looked sadly back at the armful of violets and white lilies which she had dropped. The water nymphs cried out in fright and leaped into the still lake where they made their home.

Soon Persephone and the dark god and the black horses and the chariot came to a river which ran across their way. Out of it rose one of the water nymphs and, stretching out her arms before the horses, said to the god:

"You shall go no farther. If you wanted to take Persephone, you should have asked the earth mother."

The dark stranger looked at her as if he would look through her heart. Then he replied:

"HE LOOKED AT HER LONG AND EARNESTLY, AND BECKONED TO HER TO COME"

"I ask leave of no one. I call whom I will, and all obey me."

With that he threw his spear into the stream. The waters drew back. The earth opened. The black chariot with its four black horses and the dark god and Persephone dashed into it and were gone. The water nymph melted away into the stream and was seen no more.

Demeter, the earth mother, came back that night to her home in the valley of Enna, but Persephone was not there. Demeter called to her, but she did not answer. Then, half wild with fright, the mother went to seek her in the meadow. She was not there. The mother cut down a pine tree for a torch and wandered all that night, seeking her child. Morning came and another evening; still she journeyed on and would not rest. So the days passed, and the weeks. Demeter wandered over all the earth, but she could not find Persephone. At last she turned her steps toward home and crossed the river into which Persephone and the dark god had ridden. The nymph who had been turned into water wished

to tell her what had happened, but she could not speak. She only sobbed upon the shore, and lifting Persephone's girdle, which had dropped into the stream, carried it to Demeter's feet. Demeter seized it, sat down beside the stream, and wept. She knew then that her child had been taken away, and in her grief she said:

"No corn, or flower, or any green thing shall grow out of the earth until my child comes back to me."

Then out of a fountain, near by, arose the nymph Arethusa, and put back her dripping hair from her forehead, and said:

"O Mother Demeter, be not sad, and be not angry at the earth because it opened and swallowed up your daughter. For Persephone is safe, and I have seen her in the halls of Dis. As I ran underground to reach this fountain I passed his palace. And there beside him on his throne sat Persephone, crowned with a golden crown. She is the queen of all that land."

When Demeter heard these words she went up on high Olympus and called to Zeus.

"O Zeus," she said, "I come to ask your help. Persephone has been taken to the house of Dis and I ask you to command that Dis shall bring her back to me."

Zeus looked grave. "It is not a hard thing for Persephone that she is in the halls of Dis. The great god Dis, my brother, loves her and is kind to her. She is a queen."

"But I cannot be happy without her," said Demeter.

"For your sake," answered Zeus, "she shall return, if she has eaten nothing in that country. For, as you know, it is a law of the gods that no one who has taken food in the kingdom of Dis may come back to earth again."

So Hermes, the messenger of the gods, went down to the house of Dis to command the dark god to send back Persephone. But on that very day, as she was walking in the palace garden, she had picked a pomegranate and had eaten part of it.

Hermes went back to Zeus and told him what had happened. Zeus said: "She shall not always stay in the dark halls of Dis. Go down and tell

my brother that the earth is frozen and will bring forth no corn nor flowers nor growing grass. It needs her. Tell him that half of every year she

"SHE HAD PICKED A POMEGRANATE"

shall come back and bring the growing corn and the flowers, and that the other half of the year she shall return to him and brighten his dark land."

Hermes went down again to the house of Dis with the message of Zeus. The word of Zeus was

not to be disobeyed. So Dis sent back Persephone. Hermes led her up to the earth, and, as she walked, the path grew green before her. The meadows were bright with flowers once more. The trees opened their green leaves and whispered to the wind. The corn sprang up. The birds sang everywhere.

Demeter, the earth mother, was sitting, lonely, in her house in the valley of Enna, when suddenly she heard the songs of birds. She looked out across the meadows, and there was the fair young goddess with her arms full of the violets which she had picked as she walked along; and white lilies were in her golden hair. Demeter took her in her arms and laughed and cried. Spring had returned to the earth, and the earth was glad once more.

Ĕn′na	De mē′ter	nўmphs	prănc′ĭng
gir′dle	Ăr e thū′sa	Dĭs	pŏm′e grăn ate

THE MAGIC BOX

Zeus called the gods together one day on Olympus and said that he had been thinking a long time of sending a woman down into the world. There were then only men living there, and some of the men were idle, and some were careless, and all of them thought too much of themselves. So Zeus told Hephæstus,[1] the cunning workman of the gods, to make a woman out of clay, very beautiful and like one of the goddesses, and to put into her a great deal of the fire of heaven.

Hephæstus made her out of clay, just as carefully and well as he knew how, and he put into her a great deal of heavenly fire, and she was as beautiful as a goddess.

Then Zeus breathed into her the breath of life, and he asked each one of the gods also to make her some gift, so that she should be yet more perfect. So Athena gave her wisdom and taught her

[1] Hephæstus was called Vŭl′can by the Romans; Aphrodite was called Vē′nŭs.

to spin and to weave and to do the work of the house and to bring up children; and she threw around her a silver-white robe and a wonderful veil, and upon her head she placed a wreath of fresh meadow flowers and a golden crown which Hephæstus had made.

Apollo, the god of music, gave her a beautiful voice and a skillful hand. He taught her to sing and to play upon the harp. Aphrodite, the goddess of love and beauty, made her fair and sweet, and gave her a warm and tender heart. Each one gave her something.

Last of all came Hermes. He made her to speak so charmingly that no one could refuse her anything she asked. Then he smiled and touched her upon the eyes, the ears, and the fingers. "I will also make you want to see everything, to hear everything, to touch everything, and to know everything," he said.

Then Zeus said, "I am going to send you down upon the earth to be the wife of Epimetheus, a young man who will love and care for you." With this he turned to the other gods and said: "This

woman has now had gifts from all of us. She shall be called Pandora, the all-gifted one." Suddenly turning to Hermes, he added, "Hermes, take her down to earth."

Hermes took Pandora's hand and they flew together down through the clear blue sky. Hermes held her so that she did not fall. Pandora saw everything that was before them and asked Hermes more questions than he could answer.

At last they reached the earth, and Hermes led her to the house of Epimetheus. Epimetheus welcomed her, treated her kindly, and for a time the two lived together very happily.

But there was one thing that troubled Pandora greatly. In the house of Epimetheus stood a great box, or chest, which Zeus had said should never be opened. Some say that it was brought by Pandora herself and that Zeus gave it to her on Olympus, telling her to take it as a wedding gift but never to open it. However that may be, the box was there, and Pandora was very curious to know what was in it. Every time she looked at it she became more curious.

"Ah!" she thought. "Surely there must be something very wonderful in this box, or I should not have been asked to let it alone." She talked with Epimetheus about it. He told her to forget about it and think of other things, but that she could not do. So the days wore on, and Pandora grew more and more sad and troubled.

At last she could stand it no longer. She made up her mind to raise the lid in spite of Zeus. It was a heavy lid and it took all her strength to lift it, but then she would see the wonderful things that lay hidden there! Perhaps they were gold! Perhaps they were diamonds! Who could tell?

Slowly she lifted the lid and — what was that? A rush of wings! A dark cloud filling the room! Suddenly she felt a pain in her forehead, then another in her shoulder. Then all became dark and she sank upon the floor.

The room was full of biting, stinging insects. They had swarmed out of the box and were everywhere. Epimetheus came in at this moment and they bit him also, but he managed to open the windows and at last to drive them out. Do you

ask what they were? They were troubles, evils of every sort, diseases, pain, fear—all the wrong, and the bad, and the frightful, and the ugly things that you can think of had been let loose into the world because Pandora had disobeyed the word of Zeus.

After a time Pandora arose. Epimetheus was angry and would not look at her nor speak to her. She burst into tears. But all at once a soft voice was heard, which seemed to come from the box. It said, "Do not be sad, for I am Hope, and I will always stay with you."

Pandora and Epimetheus both looked, and a beautiful little fairylike creature stood upon the edge of the box smiling at them. Zeus had placed her there to stay with them when all the rest had flown away. And she stayed with them and made them happy.

He phaĕs′tŭs	wĭs′dom	Ăph rō dī′tē	Ĕp ĭ mē′theūs
Păn dō′ra	swarmed	dĭs ēas′es	ŭg′lў

HOW TWO STRANGERS BROUGHT GOOD FORTUNE

Dramatized from an Old Greek Story

Persons: Philemon, a poor old man
Baucis, his wife
Zeus, Hermes } gods dressed as travelers
Place: The home of Philemon and Baucis
Time: An evening in autumn

(Philemon and Baucis are sitting upon a bench, talking.)

Philemon. To-day I have picked the apples from the old tree in the garden, and I have taken the honey from the beehive. It is not much, but it is enough, with our meal and our bacon, to last us through the winter.

Baucis. Yes, and enough to give a bite to any poor hungry traveler that may come this way.

(Shouts are heard and the barking of dogs.)

But what is that noise?

Philemon. I fear those rough neighbors of ours in the village below are, even now, driving away some traveler. They care for no one but themselves. Whenever a stranger comes and asks for

anything to eat, they shout at him and set their dogs upon him.

BAUCIS. If some poor man is being driven away by them, we must take him in and help him.

PHILEMON. You are right, Baucis. All that we have is ours only that we may share it with those who are less fortunate.

(Barking of dogs grows louder. A knock is heard.)

Hark! some one is knocking.

(Rises and opens the door. Zeus and Hermes enter, dressed as travelers.)

PHILEMON. Welcome, strangers!

HERMES. Thank you. You are more kind than your neighbors in the village. They drove us out and threw stones at us.

ZEUS. We have walked far. May we rest with you?

PHILEMON. Surely! Sit down upon this bench while my good wife, Baucis, gets some supper for you.

(Zeus and Hermes sit down. Baucis spreads a cloth on the table. Then she stirs the fire in the fireplace, throws some leaves and dry sticks upon it, hangs over it a pot of water, and puts in some vegetables from the garden.)

BAUCIS. This is a poor cottage that we live in, but you are welcome to all that we have.

(Philemon with a forked stick lifts down from the wall a side of bacon which has been hanging there. He cuts off a piece and puts it into the pot with the vegetables.)

ZEUS. Was there not once a lake in the valley just below, where the village now stands?

PHILEMON. Not in my day, friend, and I am an old man, as you see. There were always the fields and meadows, and the old trees, and the little stream running through the valley. Neither my father nor his father ever saw it different, so far as I know, and it will always be the same.

ZEUS. That is more than you can tell. Since the people who live there have grown so selfish, perhaps it would be better for the lake to come again and cover them.

HERMES. It would be much better.

(Philemon draws up another bench beside the table, puts some mats upon it, and spreads a cloth over the mats. One leg of the table is shorter than the others, and the table is not steady. Baucis puts a broken piece of brick under the leg. Then she sets food upon the table.)

BAUCIS. Will it please you to have some supper? If we had known you were coming we would have saved what we had for our dinner, so that you might have had more.

ZEUS. It looks very good and is quite enough.

BAUCIS. Here are olives and cherries and radishes, and cheese and eggs cooked in the ashes. Then there are some apples from our old tree in the garden, and some honey from our beehive, and there are grapes from the vine that grows over the door.

HERMES. Why! This is a feast, good Baucis!

BAUCIS. Philemon, if you will pour the milk into the cups, I will serve the stew.

(Philemon pours out the milk. There is only enough to fill the two cups. He puts the empty pitcher on the floor, behind the table. Baucis serves the stew.)

HERMES. This is a feast! I was never more hungry than now.

BAUCIS (aside to Philemon). If the young man is so hungry, I am afraid there will not be half enough.

HERMES. Fill my cup once more, Philemon. The day has been hot and I am thirsty.

PHILEMON. I am sorry and ashamed, but I poured out the last drop that was in the pitcher and we have no more.

ZEUS. Look again and see.

(Philemon lifts the pitcher from the floor. He finds it full of milk. He is so astonished that he sets it down upon the table and can say nothing. Baucis is also astonished. Zeus pours out a full cup for himself and one for Hermes. Hermes gets two more cups from a shelf, and Zeus fills them for Philemon and Baucis.)

BAUCIS. What can this mean?

PHILEMON. How could I have been so mistaken?

ZEUS. You were not mistaken. We are gods and not men. You have been kind to us, and we shall reward you. Tell us, good old man, and you, good wife, what do you most wish on earth?

(Baucis and Philemon whisper together.)

PHILEMON. We wish to be your servants, to take care of your temple and keep it clean and bright. And because my good wife Baucis and I love each other so dearly and have lived so long and happily together, we wish that when it comes our time to die, we may both go together at the same hour.

ZEUS. It shall be as you wish. This house shall be a temple and you shall serve us here. And when you have lived as long as you wish, you shall go out and stand before the door and you shall be changed into two trees that shall grow there forever, one on either side of the door.

BAUCIS. It is more than we deserve!

PHILEMON. We thank you more than we can tell!

ZEUS. But come to the window and look down into the valley where the village stood.

(Both go to the window, look out, and are greatly astonished.)

BAUCIS. The village is gone, and there is a great lake there!

ZEUS. Yes, the people of the village were unkind to strangers. They are punished because they were too selfish to live. But you have been kind to two travelers who seemed hungry and in need of your help. In doing this you have entertained the gods without knowing it.

Phĭ lē′mŏn	Baucis (Bau′sĭs)	bā′con	fŏr′tūn āte
vĕg′e ta bles	re ward′	tĕm′ple	ĕn ter tāined′

OUTDOOR VERSES

A FOREST FLOWER

GOETHE

As I wandered through the woods
  On a summer's day,
At my feet a blossom sweet
  Bowed across my way.

Twinkling through the shadows,
  Laughing all alone,
Like an eye it glanced at me,
  Like a star it shone.

Down I stooped to pluck it
  But it seemed to say,
"Would you break me from my stalk
  Just to fade away?"

So I raised it gently,
  Roots and stalk and all;
Took it home and planted it
  By my garden wall.

Every night I watered it,
Every day it grew;
Still 't is there, and bright and fair,
Blooms the summer through.

THE TREE

BJÖRNSON

The Tree's early leaf-buds were bursting their brown;
"Shall I take them away?" said the Frost, sweeping down.
"No, leave them alone
Till the blossoms have grown,"
Prayed the Tree, while he trembled from rootlet to crown.

The Tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung;
"Shall I take them away?" said the Wind, as he swung.
"No, leave them alone
Till the berries have grown,"
Said the Tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

The Tree bore his fruit in the midsummer glow:
Said the girl, "May I gather thy berries now?"
"Yes, all thou canst see;
Take them; all are for thee,"
Said the Tree, while he bent down his laden boughs low.

rōōt′lĕt quĭv′er ing lā′den

A BOY'S SONG

James Hogg

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea —
That 's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee —
That 's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest;
There to trace the homeward bee —
That 's the way for Billy and me.

"UP THE RIVER AND O'ER THE LEA—
THAT'S THE WAY FOR BILLY AND ME"

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free —
That 's the way for Billy and me.

This I know, I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay;
Up the water and o'er the lea —
That 's the way for Billy and me.

trout	lēa	haw′thorn	nĕst′lĭngs
chirp	mōw′ers	hā′zĕl	clŭs′ter ĭng

WISHING

William Allingham

Ring-ting! I wish I were a primrose,
A bright yellow primrose, blowing in the spring!
The stooping bough above me,
The wandering bee to love me,
The fern and moss to creep across,
And the elm tree for our king!

Nay — stay! I wish I were an elm tree,
A great lofty elm tree, with green leaves gay!

The winds would set them dancing,
The sun and moonshine glance in,
And birds would house among the boughs,
And sweetly sing.

Oh — no! I wish I were a robin —
A robin, or a little wren, everywhere to go,
Through forest, field, or garden,
And ask no leave or pardon,
Till winter comes with icy thumbs
To ruffle up our wing!

Well — tell! where should I fly to,
Where go sleep in the dark wood or dell?
Before the day was over,
Home must come the rover,
For mother's kiss, — sweeter this
Than any other thing.

prĭm′rōse stōōp′ĭng lŏft′y̆
par′don ī′cy̆ rōv′er

THE BLUEBIRD

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER

I know the song that the bluebird is singing,
Out in the apple tree where he is swinging.
Brave little fellow! the skies may be dreary:
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat!
Hark! was there ever so merry a note?
Listen awhile, and you 'll hear what he 's saying,
Up in the apple tree, swinging and swaying.

"Dear little blossoms, down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know;
Hark! while I sing you a message of cheer:
Summer is coming and spring-time is here!

"Little white snowdrop, I pray you arise;
Bright yellow crocus, come, open your eyes;
Sweet little violets hid from the cold,
Put on your mantles of purple and gold;
Daffodils, daffodils! say, do you hear?
Summer is coming, and spring-time is here!"

drēar′ў crō′cŭs măn′tles dăf′fo dĭls

A GREEN CORNFIELD

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

The earth was green, the sky was blue;
I saw and heard one sunny morn
A skylark hang between the two,
A singing speck above the corn;

A stage below, in gay accord,
White butterfly danced on the wing,
And still the singing skylark soared
And silent sank, and soared to sing.

The cornfield stretched a tender green
To right and left beside my walks;
I knew he had a nest unseen
Somewhere among the million stalks:

And as I paused to hear his song
While swift the sunny moments slid,
Perhaps his mate sat listening long,
And listened longer than I did.

skȳ′lark	spĕck	stāge	ăc cord′
bŭt′ter flȳ	sōared	ŭn sēen′	million (mĭl′yŭn)

ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Do you ask what the birds say? The sparrow, the dove,
The linnet, and thrush say, "I love and I love!"
In the winter they're silent, the wind is so strong;
What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud song.
But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm weather,
And singing and loving, all come back together;
Then the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings, and forever sings he,
"I love my Love, and my Love loves me."

spăr′row thrŭsh sī′lĕnt brĭm′ful′

STORIES FROM HANS ANDERSEN

THE STORY OF A POOR BOY WHO BECAME FAMOUS

"Please tell us a story," said Alice to Uncle George one evening.

"Yes," said Harold. "You haven't told one for a long time."

Uncle George thought a few minutes. Then he said, "I will tell you a true story about a poor boy who became famous."

"That's it!" cried Harold. "That's just the thing!"

"Once upon a time," said Uncle George, "there lived, in one of the towns of Denmark, a poor shoemaker with his wife and one little son. This shoemaker loved books and had a shelf full of them over his workbench. Often he would open a book and place it on the bench beside him. Then, as he drove the nails into the shoe that he was making — rat-tat-tat, rat-tat-tat — he would read

to himself some poem, and would forget for the time that he was a shoemaker and very poor. Sometimes he would say with tears in his eyes, 'Ah! if I could only have gone to school a little longer!' But it cost money to go to school in those days, and he had no money to spare.

"Often the shoemaker would read to his little boy, or tell him stories, for he loved his child with all the strength of a father's heart.

"The little boy used to sit on the floor beside the bench and play, hour after hour, with a toy theater which his father had made for him. He would dress little wooden dolls in bright pieces of cloth and make them act plays. It was great fun, and he never tired of it.

"He went for a time to a school that was kept by an old lady in the next street. It was called an A B C school. The teacher sat in a high-backed chair and kept a big rod at her side. When the children did not have their lessons she would beat them with the rod. When they had a spelling lesson all the children spelled as loudly as they could. They fairly shouted."

"Did the teacher think they could spell better if they spelled loudly?" asked Alice.

"She seemed to think so," said Uncle George. "It made the words sound bigger, anyway.

"On Sundays the shoemaker would take the little boy out into the woods. Sometimes the mother went too, and they would bring back green branches of trees and put them all around their little room. This room was the shop and bedroom and living room, all in one, but the mother was a good housekeeper and always kept it very neat.

"But one day the father left his shoemaker's bench and went away to the war, and when he came back he was so ill that he could not work. Then one sad day he died. After that the mother had to go out washing, and the little boy was left all day alone. He spent much of his time playing with his toy theater and made up many plays himself. When he got older he started to work in the mills, but the men treated him roughly and made fun of him, and he did not stay.

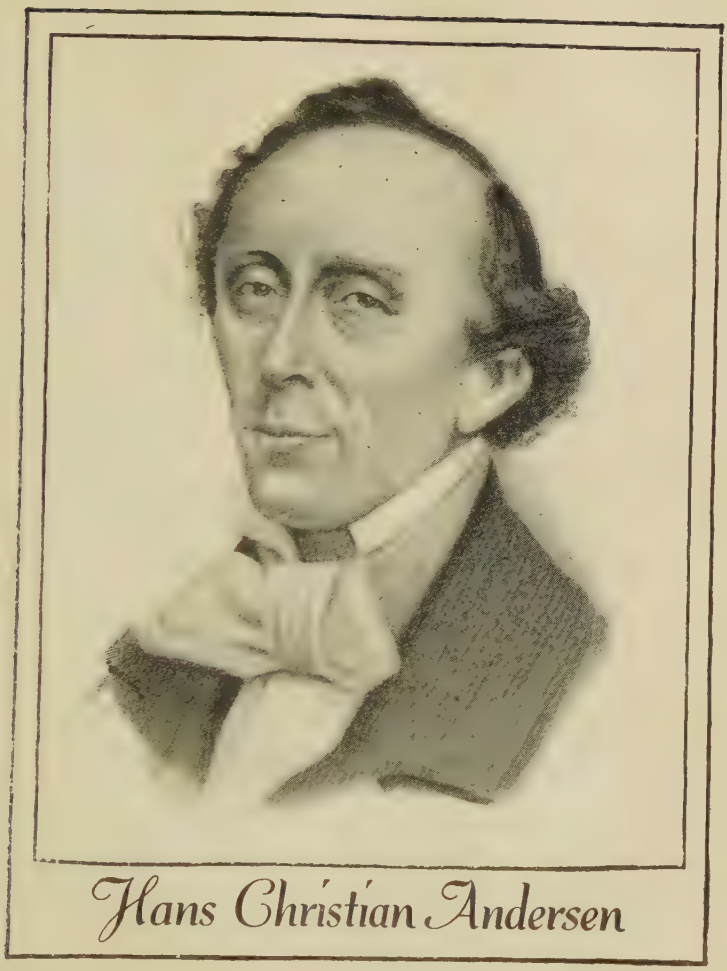
"Then his mother married again, and both his mother and his stepfather thought that he should

learn a trade. They wanted him to be a tailor. But he did not want to be a tailor. He wanted to go to Copenhagen, the chief city of Denmark, and seek his fortune. He wanted to write plays and see them acted. His mother thought him very foolish, but he had earned and saved enough money to pay his way to Copenhagen, and at last she let him go.

"That was a wonderful journey. With his little bundle in his hand he climbed into the post carriage one sunny September afternoon, the postboy blew the horn, and away he went, out into the big world.

"When he reached Copenhagen he went to the great theater and asked for work. The manager said there were two things against him — he was too thin and he did not know enough. The boy replied that it was not his fault that he was thin; if he could get work he would grow fatter. But the manager had no place for him.

"Then he tried to get work in a shop, but did not succeed. His money was almost gone. He went to his little room in the inn, fell down on



Hans Christian Andersen

his knees, and prayed that God would show him where he could find work.

"After a while he remembered that at home many had praised his voice and loved to hear him sing. Could he not earn something, then, by singing? That was a good thought! He went at once to the house of a great singing master. The maid who came to the door was kind to him and heard his story. Now it so happened that the singing master had a dinner party that evening, and among the guests were a famous poet of Denmark and several other great men. They asked the boy to sing for them. He sang as well as he could. They asked him what else he could do. He said he could recite some poems and part of a play. This he did also. Then all at once he became frightened and burst into tears. The whole company clapped their hands. The poet said he believed the boy had talent. The singing master offered to take him into his family and train his voice. One of the other guests collected enough money to send him to school for a year. All spoke kindly to him and were willing to help him.

"It would be too long a story to tell all that he went through. He had many troubles. His shoes wore out and he caught a hard cold tramping through the snow and icy water that first winter in Copenhagen. Then he lost his voice and had to stop singing. He wrote several plays. His friends told him they were partly good but he did not write correctly. He must study more. At last one of his friends went to the king and told him how hard the boy was working and how determined he was to succeed; and the king gave him a certain sum of money each year, enough to pay his way at school.

"He studied hard, and after several years he wrote a play that was acted in the great theater in Copenhagen. He wrote poems too and stories that were read all over the world. But better than all were the stories that he told for children. He wrote them down just as he would have told them to you if you had been sitting on his knee, as you are now sitting on mine. He could talk to children because he was a sort of child himself — a big, kind-hearted, simple, childlike man."

"But," said Harold, "you haven't told us his name."

"Oh, I know what his name was," said Alice. "We know his stories too. But, Uncle George, his life was a good deal like one of his stories, wasn't it? I mean the Ugly Duckling, who had a very hard time when he was little but grew at last to be a beautiful swan."

"Oh!" said Harold, "was it Andersen?"

"Yes," said Uncle George, "Hans Christian Andersen, one of the greatest writers for children that the world has ever known. What I have told you, and much more, is in a book which he wrote and called 'The Story of my Life.'"

Dĕn′mărk	thē′a ter	Cō pĕn hā′gĕn	măn′ag er
sŭc cēed′	tăl′ĕnt	cŏr rĕct′lў	de ter′mĭned

For poor dumb lips had songs for him,
And children's dreamings ran in tune,
And strange old heroes, weird and dim,
Walked by his side.

EDMUND GOSSE

THE STEADFAST TIN SOLDIER

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

I

There were once five and twenty tin soldiers. They were all brothers, for they had all been made out of the same old tin spoon. They all shouldered their guns, looked straight ahead, and wore the same splendid uniform of red and blue.

The first thing they heard in this world, when the lid was taken off their box, was the cry, "Tin soldiers!" A little boy shouted these words and clapped his hands for joy. The soldiers had been given to him because it was his birthday, and he lost no time in setting them out upon the table.

They were all exactly alike except one, and this one had only one leg. He had been made last of all and there had not been quite enough tin to finish him. But he stood just as firm on his one leg as the others on their two. In fact, he was the very one of them all to become famous.

There were many other toys on the table where the soldiers had been set, but the one which you

would see first was a splendid castle made of cardboard. You could see through the little windows right into the rooms. In front of the castle some small trees stood around a piece of looking-glass, which was meant to be a lake. On this lake wax swans swam about and looked down at themselves.

It was all very pretty, but prettiest of all was a little lady who was standing at the open door of the castle. She too was cut out of paper, but she wore a dress of the daintiest gauze and a little blue ribbon over her shoulders, like a scarf. In the middle of the ribbon was a shining spangle as large as her face. The little lady stretched out both her arms, for she was a dancer. She also stretched one of her legs out behind her so far that the tin soldier did not see it, and thought she had only one leg, like himself.

"She would be just the wife for me," he thought, "but she is very grand. She lives in a castle. I have only a box, and there are five and twenty of us to share it. It would be no place for a lady. But I must try to get acquainted with her." So he lay down at full length behind a snuffbox that

happened to be on the table. There he could have a good look at the elegant little lady, who still kept standing on one leg and never lost her balance.

At night all the other tin soldiers were put away in their box, and the people of the house went to bed. Then the toys began to play and have a good time. They played at making calls, at fighting battles, and at giving parties. The tin soldiers rattled about in their box, for they wanted to join in the fun, but they could not get the lid off. The nutcrackers turned handsprings and the slate pencil wrote all sorts of nonsense on the slate. There was such a noise that the canary woke up and began to talk, and his talk was all in verse. The only ones who did not move were the tin soldier and the little dancer. She still stood on tiptoe with both arms stretched out. He was in just the same position as before and never once turned his eyes away from her.

The clock struck twelve. Pop! Up flew the lid of the snuffbox, but there was no snuff in it. No. There was only a little black goblin — a sort of jack-in-the-box, you know.

"Tin soldier," said the goblin, "be good enough to keep your eyes to yourself."

But the tin soldier made believe he did not hear.

"Just wait till to-morrow!" said the goblin.

stĕad′făst shōul′dered ĕx ăct′lў
pret ti est (prĭt′tĭ ĕst) dāin′tĭ ĕst gauze
ăc quāint′ĕd ca nā′rў

II

Next morning, when the children got up, they put the tin soldier on the window sill; and whether it was the goblin or the wind that did it, I don't know, but all at once the window flew open and the soldier fell headfirst from the third story. It was a terrible fall! Over and over he turned and at last landed on his cap, with his bayonet fixed between the paving stones, and his one leg sticking straight up in the air.

The maidservant and the little boy ran down at once to look for him, but, though they almost stepped upon him, they could not seem to see him. If he had only called out, "Here I am!"

"SOON HE WAS SAILING AWAY DOWN THE GUTTER, WHILE THE TWO BOYS RAN ALONG BY HIS SIDE"

they might easily have found him, but he did not think it proper to shout for help when he was in uniform.

Soon it began to rain, and the drops fell faster and faster until there was a perfect flood. When it was over, two street boys came along.

"See!" said one. "There is a tin soldier! Let us give him a sail!"

So they made a boat out of an old newspaper and put the soldier into it. Soon he was sailing away down the gutter, while the two boys ran along by his side, clapping their hands. Goodness! how the waves rolled in that gutter, and what a current there was! The paper boat rocked up and down, and sometimes whirled around so frightfully that the tin soldier was almost thrown out. But he stuck to his post and did not move a muscle. He only looked straight ahead and held his gun firmly against his shoulder.

All at once the boat shot into a long tunnel. It was as dark as it was in his box.

"Where on earth am I going now?" he thought. "It is surely that goblin's work. Ah! if the little

lady were only with me here in the boat, I would not care if it were twice as dark."

Just then a great water rat, who lived in the tunnel, saw him. "Have you a pass?" asked the rat. "Show your pass."

The tin soldier did not answer. He only held his gun still tighter. The boat rushed on. The rat chased after it. My! how he gnashed his teeth and shouted to all the bits of wood and straw: "Stop him! Stop him! He has n't paid toll! He has n't shown his pass!"

But the current grew stronger and stronger. The tin soldier could now see daylight at the end of the tunnel, but he also heard a roaring sound which was enough to frighten the bravest heart. Think of it! At the end of the tunnel the water rushed straight out into the big canal. It was as dangerous a passage for him as sailing over a great waterfall would be to you or me. He was so near now that he could not stop. The boat dashed on. The poor tin soldier held himself as straight as he could. No one should say of him that he even winked an eye!

Then the boat whirled around three or four times and filled with water to the very edge. It was sinking! The tin soldier stood up to his neck in the water. Deeper and deeper sank the boat. Softer and softer grew the paper. Now the water closed over the soldier's head. He thought of the pretty little dancer whom he should never see again, and in his ears rang the words of the song,

Forward, forward, soldier!
Death thou canst not flee.

At this moment the paper gave way and the soldier fell through. As he was sinking through the water a big fish saw him and gobbled him up.

Then how dark it was! darker even than in the tunnel; and there was so little room! But the tin soldier was as stout-hearted as ever. He lay there at full length, still shouldering his gun.

Soon the fish began to rush about and twist and turn in the strangest way. Then all became quite still.

After a long time something like a flash of lightning passed through the fish, and suddenly it was broad daylight. Some one cried, "A tin soldier!"

The fish had been caught and taken to market. There it had been bought and sent into a kitchen, where the cook had opened it with a big knife. She took the soldier up between her thumb and finger and carried him into the room where the family sat. Everybody wanted to see the wonderful man who had traveled in the stomach of a fish. But the tin soldier was still unmoved. He was not proud.

They set him upon the table, and — wonder of wonders! — he found himself in the very same room where he had been before. He saw the very same children, and the very same toys were still on the table. There stood the beautiful castle and, best of all, the elegant little dancer. She was still standing on one leg, with the other stretched out behind her. She too had been steadfast. That touched the tin soldier's heart. He was almost ready to shed tin tears, but that would not have been proper for a soldier. He looked at her and she looked at him, but neither of them said a word.

And now one of the little boys, without any reason, took up the tin soldier and threw him

right into the stove. No doubt the little goblin in the snuffbox had something to do with it.

The tin soldier stood there in a blaze of red flame. The heat was terrible, but whether it came from the fire or from the love in his heart, he did not know. The gay colors were quite gone from his uniform. This may have happened on his dangerous journey or it may have been brought about by grief. No one can tell.

He looked at the little lady. She looked at him. He felt that he was melting; still he stood firm, shouldering his gun. Then suddenly a door flew open. The wind caught the little dancer. She flew like a fairy straight into the fire and to the tin soldier. There was a blaze — and she was gone!

The steadfast tin soldier melted down, and when the maid took away the ashes next morning she found him in the shape of a little tin heart. All that was left of the beautiful dancer was her spangle, and that was burned as black as a coal.

bāy′o nĕt flood cŭr′rĕnt tŭn′nel
gnăshed ca năl′ ŭn moved′

THE UGLY DUCKLING

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

I

It was beautiful in the country, for it was summer. The wheat fields were golden; the oats were still green: the hay stood in great stacks in the green meadows. The stork marched about among them on his long red legs, chattering away in Egyptian, for that was the language he had learned from his mother.

All around the meadows and cornfields grew thick woods, and in the midst of the woods were deep lakes. Yes, it was beautiful, it was delightful in the country.

In a sunny spot stood a pleasant old house, with deep canals all around it; and from the walls down to the water's edge grew great burdocks, so high that under the tallest of them a little child might stand up. The spot was as wild as if it had been in the very heart of the forest.

In this quiet place a duck sat upon her nest, watching for her ducklings to hatch; but she was

almost tired of waiting, for she had been there such a long time, and she seldom had visitors. The other ducks liked much better to swim about in the water than to climb slippery banks and sit under the burdock leaves to gossip with her.

At last one shell cracked, and soon another; and from each came a living creature, that poked out its head and cried, "Peep, peep!"

"Quack, quack!" said the mother; and then they all quacked as well as they could, and looked about them on every side at the tall green leaves. Their mother let them look as much as they liked, because green is good for the eyes.

"How big the world is!" said the little ones, for they surely found much more room now than when they were in the eggshell.

"Do you think this is the whole world?" said the mother. "It stretches far away on the other side of the garden, and right up to the pastor's field; but I have never been as far as that. Are you all out?" she added, getting up. "No, not all; the biggest egg is still there. How long is this to last? I 'm getting tired"; but she sat down again.

"Well, how are you to-day?" asked an old duck who came to pay her a visit.

"There 's one egg that takes a long time," said the duck on the nest. "The shell will not crack. But just look at the others. Are they not the finest ducklings you ever saw? They are exactly like their father — the good-for-nothing!"

"Let me see the egg that will not break," said the old duck. "You will find it is a turkey's egg. The same thing happened to me once, and a deal of trouble it gave me, for the young ones are afraid of the water. I could not get them into it. I quacked and snapped at them, but it was of no use. Let me see the egg. Yes, it is a turkey's egg. You would better leave it alone, and teach the other children to swim."

"I think I will sit a little while longer," said the mother. "I have sat so long, a day or two more will not matter."

"Please yourself," said the old duck, as she got up and went away.

stork	chăt'ter ĭng	de līght'ful
bur'dŏcks	gŏs'sĭp	pas'tor's

II

At last the big egg cracked. "Peep, peep!" said the young one, as he tumbled out of the shell. How big and ugly he was! The mother duck stared at him. "This is a dreadfully big duckling," she said, "and it is not at all like any of the others. I wonder if he will turn out to be a turkey, after all. Well, we shall see

"HOW BIG AND UGLY HE WAS!"

when we get to the water — for into the water he must go, even if I have to push him in myself."

On the next day the weather was fine. The sun shone brightly on the green burdock leaves, and the mother duck took her whole family down to the water. Splash! and into the water she jumped. "Quack, quack!" she then called out, and one after

another the ducklings jumped in. The water closed over their heads, but they came up again and swam about most beautifully, with their legs all going at once. The big ugly gray one was also in the water, swimming with them.

"Well," said the mother, "that is not a turkey. See how well he uses his legs, and how straight he holds himself! He is my own child; and he is not so very ugly after all, if you look at him in the right way. Quack, quack! Now come with me, and I will take you out into the world and introduce you to the farmyard, but keep close to me, so that no one shall step upon you; and look out for the cat!"

When they reached the farmyard, there was a dreadful fuss. Two families were fighting for an eel's head, and at last the cat ran off with it. "That is the way things go in this world," said the mother duck, licking her bill — for she would have liked the eel's head herself. "Come, now, use your legs, and see that you quack properly. You must bow your heads to that old duck over there. She is the grandest of them all. She has

Spanish blood. That is why she is so well kept. You see she has a red rag around her leg. That is something very fine, and a great honor for a duck; it shows that the people don't want to lose her, and that she is to be noticed both by man and beast. Come, now. Don't turn in your toes. A well-bred duckling keeps his feet wide apart, just like your father and mother. That's it! Now bend your necks and say, 'Quack!'

The ducklings did as they were told, but the other ducks stared, and said quite loudly, "Look, here comes another lot! As if there were not enough of us already! And dear me, what an ugly duckling that is! We don't want him here." Then one flew at him and bit him in the neck.

"Let him alone!" said the mother. "He is not doing any harm."

"No, but he is so big and ugly. He 's a perfect fright," said the biting duck, "and therefore he must be bitten."

"The others are very pretty children," said the old duck with the rag on her leg, "but that big one is awful! It is too bad he can't be made over."

"THE OTHER DUCKS STARED, AND SAID QUITE LOUDLY,
'LOOK, HERE COMES ANOTHER LOT!'"

"It can't be done, your grace," said the mother. "He is not pretty, but he is very good-natured, and he swims as well or even better than the others. I think he will grow better looking and perhaps he will get smaller. He has stayed too long in the egg. That is why his shape is not more elegant." So she nipped his neck a little and smoothed down his feathers, saying, "Besides, he is a drake, and it does n't make so much difference. I think he will grow up strong, and will be able to take care of himself."

"The other ducklings are good-looking enough," said the old duck with the rag. "Now make yourselves at home, and if you find an eel's head, you may bring it to me."

So they made themselves at home. But the poor duckling who had come out of his shell last and who looked so ugly was bitten and pushed and made fun of, not only by the ducks but by all the fowls in the farmyard.

"He is too big," they all said; and the turkey cock, who was born with spurs and who believed that he was really a king, puffed himself out like

a ship in full sail and flew at him with a "gobble, gobble, gobble!" growing quite red in the face. The poor duckling did not know which way to go, and was quite unhappy because he was so ugly as to be laughed at by the whole farmyard.

ĭn tro dūce′ ēel′s Spăn′ĭsh nō′tĭced
stared good-nā′tured drāke

III

The first day passed, and things grew worse and worse. The poor duckling was driven about by every one. Even his brothers and sisters were unkind to him, and would cry out, "Oh, you ugly creature! if the cat would only get you!" His mother was heard to say she wished he was somewhere else. The ducks bit him, the hens pecked him, and the girl who fed them kicked him aside.

So at last he ran away and flew over the hedge, frightening the little birds among the leaves as he went.

"They are afraid of me because I am so ugly," he thought, and he shut his eyes. But he ran on, all the same, until he came out on a great marsh

where the wild ducks lived. There he stayed all night, and he was very tired and sad.

In the morning the wild ducks flew up to look at their new friend. "What sort of a duck are you?" they asked.

He turned around and bowed to them, as well as he could. "You are frightfully ugly," said the wild ducks; "but that does n't matter, so long as you do not want to marry any of our family."

Poor fellow! he had no thought of getting married. All he wanted was a chance to lie among the reeds and drink some of the marsh water.

After he had been in the marsh two days, there came two young wild geese, who had not been out of the egg long and who were rather impertinent. "Listen, friend," said one of them to the duckling; "you are so ugly that we rather like you. Will you come with us and be a bird of passage? Not far from here is another marsh where there are some charming young lady geese who can say 'Quack' very sweetly. There is a chance for you to get a wife. You may make your fortune, ugly as you are."

Just at that moment a "bang! bang!" was heard in the air. The two wild geese fell dead among the rushes, and the water turned red around them. "Bang! bang!" went the guns, and whole flocks of wild geese flew up from the reeds.

There was a great shooting party. Hunters were lying all around the marsh, and some even sat on branches of trees which hung over the reeds. The blue smoke from the guns rose like clouds over the dark trees and floated away across the water. The dogs bounded into the marsh — "splash! splash!" The rushes bent beneath them wherever they went. The poor duckling was terribly frightened. He twisted his head around, to hide it under his wing, and at that moment a terrible big dog stood right before him. The dog's tongue hung far out of his mouth, and his eyes glared fearfully. He thrust his wide-open jaws close to the duckling, showed his sharp teeth, and then "splash! splash!" — off he went without harming him.

"Ah," said the duckling, "I am so ugly that even the dog will not touch me."

So he lay quite still, while the shot rattled through the reeds, and gun after gun was fired over him. It was late in the day before all became quiet, but even then the poor duckling did not dare to move. He waited several hours and then, after looking carefully around him, hurried away from the marsh as fast as he could. He ran over fields and meadows, but the wind was blowing so fiercely that he could hardly make his way.

ĭm per′tĭ nĕnt păs′sage splăsh răt′tled

IV

Towards evening he reached a poor little cottage. It seemed just ready to tumble down, and only remained standing because it could not decide on which side to fall. The wind blew so hard against the duckling that he had to sit down. It blew harder and harder. Then he noticed that the door of the cottage hung from one hinge and was partly open. He slipped through the crack into the room.

In this cottage lived an old woman with her cat and her hen. She called the cat "Sonny."

He could raise his back, and purr, and could even throw out sparks from his fur if it were stroked the wrong way. The hen had very short legs; she was called "Chickey Low-legs." She laid good eggs, and the old woman loved her as if she had been her own child.

In the morning the strange duckling was discovered. The cat began to purr and the hen to cluck.

"What 's all this noise about?" said the old woman, looking around the room; but she could not see very well, and she thought the stranger must be some fat duck that had strayed from home and lost its way. "What a prize!" she cried. "Now I shall have ducks' eggs — if it is n't a drake. We must wait and see."

So the duckling was taken on trial for three weeks; but there were no eggs.

Now the cat was the master of the house, and the hen was the mistress; and they always said, "We and the world," for they believed that they were half the world, and by far the better half too. The duckling believed that others might

think differently, but the hen would not listen to such an idea.

"Can you lay eggs?" she asked.

"No."

"Then be good enough to hold your tongue."

"Can you raise your back, or purr, or throw out sparks?" said the cat.

"No."

"Then keep your ideas to yourself when sensible people are speaking."

So the duckling sat in a corner, feeling very unhappy. But soon he began to think about the sunshine and the fresh air, and all at once he felt such a great longing to float on the water that he could not help telling the hen about it.

"What an idea!" said the hen. "You have nothing to do. That is why you have these foolish notions. Lay some eggs or purr, and these thoughts will pass away."

"But it is so fine to float on the water," said the duckling, "and so fine to feel the water rush over your head when you dive down to the bottom!"

"Fine, indeed!" said the hen. "You must be going crazy! Ask the cat about it. He is the wisest creature I know. Ask him if he would like to float on the water, or to dive under it. I will not speak of my own feelings. Ask our mistress, the old woman. No one in the world is wiser than she is. Do you think she would like to float about and let the water rush over her head?"

"You don't understand me," said the duckling.

"Well, if we don't understand you, who can? I don't suppose you think yourself wiser than the cat or the old woman, to say nothing of myself. Don't be foolish, child, but thank your stars for all the kindness that has been shown you here. Are you not in a warm room, and in good company, where you may learn something? But you are a chatterbox and not very pleasant to live with. Believe me, I speak only for your good. I may say unpleasant things to you, but there is no surer way of showing that I am your friend. Now, just think about laying some eggs, or learn to purr or to throw off sparks."

"I think I must go out into the world again," said the duckling.

"Go along, then," said the hen.

hĭnge dĭs cov'ered strān'ger ī dē'a
sĕn'sĭ ble crā'zў chăt'ter bŏx

V

So away went the duckling. He soon found water where he could float and dive, but all other creatures kept away from him because he was so ugly.

Autumn came, and the leaves in the forest turned yellow and brown. The wind caught them as they fell and whirled them about in the air. The sky looked very cold, and the clouds hung heavy with hail and snow. A crow stood on the fence and cried, "Caw! caw!" It makes one shiver with cold to think of it. The poor duckling was surely in a hard place.

One evening, just as the sun was setting behind the red winter clouds, a flock of beautiful great birds came out of the bushes. The duckling had never seen anything so beautiful! They were

shining white, with long curving necks. They were swans. They gave a strange cry as they spread their wonderful broad wings and flew away from that cold country to warmer lands and open seas.

As they flew higher and higher up into the air the ugly little duckling felt very sad and strange. He swam round and round in the water like a wheel. He stretched up his neck towards them and gave a cry so loud and so strange that it frightened even himself. Oh, could he ever forget those beautiful birds, those happy birds! And when at last they were out of sight, he dived down to the bottom of the water and came up again almost wild with excitement. He did not know what the birds were or where they were flying, but he felt toward them as he had never felt toward any other bird in the world.

He did not envy the beautiful creatures; he never thought of wishing to be as beautiful as they. He would have been thankful if only the ducks had let him live among them. Poor ugly little thing!

The winter was growing cold — oh, so cold! The duckling had to swim about on the water to keep it from freezing; but every night the hole in which he swam became smaller and smaller. At length it froze so hard that the ice crackled as he moved, and the duckling had to make his legs go as fast as he could, to keep the hole from closing up. Then he got so tired that he lay still for a moment, and before he knew it he was frozen fast in the ice.

Early in the morning a countryman came by and saw him. The countryman went out on the ice, broke it to pieces with his wooden shoe, and carried the duckling home to his wife. There, in the warm room, the poor frozen creature came to himself again. The children wanted to play with him, but the duckling thought they would hurt him; so, in his fright, he rushed straight into the milk-pan and splashed the milk all about the room. The woman screamed and waved her hands, and that frightened him still more. He flew into the butter tub, then into the meal barrel, and out again. What a sight he was! The woman screamed

again and struck at him with the tongs. The children laughed and shouted and tumbled over each other trying to catch him. By good luck the door stood open. So the duckling slipped out and hid among the bushes, in the newly fallen snow. He was so tired that he could go no farther.

It would be too sad to tell you all he suffered during that hard winter; but when the sun began to shine warmly again, he found himself lying one morning in a marsh, among the reeds. The larks were singing, and spring had come.

Then, all at once, he lifted and flapped his wings. They were much stronger now and they carried him high into the air and far away. Before he knew what he was doing he found himself in a large garden. The apple trees were in full blossom, and the sweet lilacs bent their green branches over a lake. How beautiful everything looked in the fresh early spring! From a thicket just before him came three lovely white swans, rustling their feathers and floating lightly upon the water. The duckling remembered them and grew strangely sad.

"I will fly to these noble birds," he cried. "They will probably kill me because I am so ugly and because I dare go to them. But I do not care. It is better to be killed by them than to be snapped at by the ducks, pecked by the hens, kicked about by the girl who looks after the fowls, or starved through the long cold winter."

So he flew into the water and swam toward the beautiful swans. As soon as they saw him they rushed toward him with outstretched wings.

"Kill me," said the poor bird, as he bent his head down to the water and waited.

What did he see in the clear lake below? It was his own image; but he was no longer a clumsy, dark-gray bird. He was himself a swan.

To be born in a duck's nest, in a farmyard, is of no matter, if one comes from a swan's egg. He now felt glad that he had suffered so much. It made him feel more deeply all the joy and happiness around him. The great swans swam round him and stroked him with their bills.

Some little children soon came into the garden and threw bread and corn into the water.

"'SEE!' CRIED THE YOUNGEST, 'THERE IS A NEW ONE!'"

"See!" cried the youngest, "there is a new one!" The other children shouted with joy, and all ran to their father and mother, dancing, clapping their hands, and crying, "A new one has come!"

Then they threw more bread into the water and said, "The new one is the prettiest of all, he is so young and beautiful!" And the old swans bowed their heads before him.

He felt quite ashamed and hid his head under his wing, for he did not know what to do. He was happy, but he was not at all proud. A good heart is never proud. He was thinking how he had been laughed at and ill-treated because he was so ugly, and now he heard them say he was the most beautiful of all these beautiful birds. The lilacs bent down their branches into the water before him, and the sun shone warm and bright. He rustled his feathers, curved his slender neck, and cried joyfully, "I never dreamed of so much happiness when I was an ugly duckling."

au′tŭmn	shĭv′er	ĕx cīte′ment	ĕn′vў
sŭf′fered	lī′lacs	rŭs′tlĭng	ĭm′age

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

HOW THE LEAVES CAME DOWN[1]

SUSAN COOLIDGE (SARAH C. WOOLSEY)

I 'll tell you how the leaves came down.
The great Tree to his children said,
"You 're getting sleepy, Yellow and Brown,
Yes, very sleepy, little Red;
It is quite time you went to bed."

"Ah!" begged each silly, pouting leaf,
"Let us a little longer stay:
Dear Father Tree, behold our grief;
'T is such a very pleasant day
We do not want to go away."

So, just for one more merry day
To the great Tree the leaflets clung,
Frolicked and danced and had their way,
Upon the autumn breezes swung,
Whispering all their sports among,

[1] Copyright, 1880, by Roberts Brothers.

"Perhaps the great Tree will forget
And let us stay until the spring,
If we all beg and coax and fret."
But the great Tree did no such thing;
He smiled to hear their whispering.

"Come, children all, to bed," he cried;
And ere the leaves could urge their prayer
He shook his head, and far and wide,
Fluttering and rustling everywhere,
Down sped the leaflets through the air.

I saw them; on the ground they lay,
Golden and red, a huddled swarm,
Waiting till one from far away,
White bedclothes heaped upon her arm,
Should come to wrap them safe and warm.

The great bare Tree looked down and smiled.
"Good night, dear little leaves," he said;
And from below each sleepy child
Replied, "Good night," and murmured,
"It is *so* nice to go to bed."

frŏl'ĭcked flŭt'ter ĭng hŭd'dled mur'mured

ROBIN REDBREAST

William Allingham

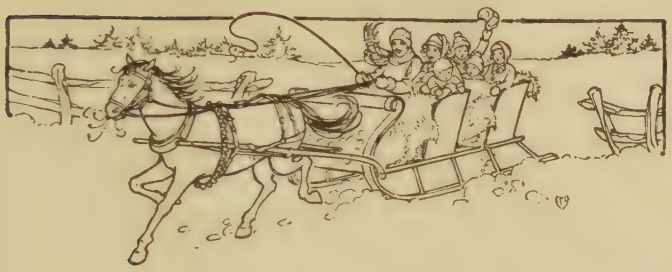
Good-by, good-by to summer!
For summer 's nearly done;
The garden smiling faintly,
Cool breezes in the sun;
Our thrushes now are silent,
Our swallows flown away,
But Robin 's here, in coat of brown,
With ruddy breast knot gay.
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
Robin singing sweetly
In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,
The leaves come down in hosts;
The trees are Indian princes,
But soon they 'll turn to ghosts;
The scanty pears and apples
Hang russet on the bough,

It 's autumn, autumn, autumn late,
'T will soon be winter now.
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
And wellaway! my Robin,
For pinching times are near.

The fireside for the cricket,
The wheat stack for the mouse,
When trembling night winds whistle
And moan all round the house;
The frosty ways like iron,
The branches plumed with snow —
Alas! in winter, dead and dark,
Where can poor Robin go?
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
And a crumb of bread for Robin,
His little heart to cheer.

rŭd′dў	brĕast′knŏt	ghōsts	scănt′ў
rŭs′sĕt	wĕll′awāy	whēat′ stăck	plumed



THANKSGIVING DAY

LYDIA MARIA CHILD

Over the river and through the wood,
To grandfather's house we go;
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the wood —
Oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes
And bites the nose,
As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the wood,
To have a first-rate play.

Hear the bells ring,
"Ting-a-ling-ding!"
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

Over the river and through the wood,
Trot fast, my dapple-gray!
Spring over the ground
Like a hunting hound,
For this is Thanksgiving Day!

Over the river and through the wood,
And straight through the barnyard gate.
We seem to go
Extremely slow —
It is so hard to wait!

Over the river and through the wood —
Now grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

sleigh (slāy) drĭft′ed dăp′ple-grāy′ hound pŭmp′kĭn

WINTER NIGHT

MARY F. BUTTS

Blow, wind, blow!
Drift the flying snow!
Send it twirling, whirling overhead!
There 's a bedroom in a tree
Where, snug as snug can be,
The squirrel nests in his cozy bed.

Shriek, wind, shriek!
Make the branches creak!
Battle with the boughs till break o' day!
In a snow cave warm and tight,
Through the icy winter night
The rabbit sleeps the peaceful hours away.

Call, wind, call,
In entry and in hall,
Straight from off the mountain white and wild!
Soft purrs the pussy-cat
On her little fluffy mat,
And beside her nestles close her furry child.

Scold, wind, scold,
So bitter and so bold!
Shake the windows with your tap, tap, tap!
With half-shut, dreamy eyes
The drowsy baby lies
Cuddled closely in his mother's lap.

twirl′ĭng shrīēk pēace′ful ĕn′trў
flŭff′ў fur′rў drow′sў cŭd′dled

TWO CHRISTMAS VERSES

I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Heap on more wood! The wind is chill!
But let it whistle as it will,
We 'll keep our Christmas merry still.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

familiar (fa mĭl′yar) căr′ols

SANTA CLAUS

He comes in the night! He comes in the night!
He softly, silently comes;
While the little brown heads on the pillows so white
Are dreaming of bugles and drums.
He cuts through the snow like a ship through the foam,
While the white flakes round him whirl;
Who tells him I know not, but he findeth the home
Of each good little boy and girl.

His sleigh it is long, and deep, and wide;
It will carry a host of things,
While dozens of drums hang over the side,
With the sticks sticking under the strings.
And yet not the sound of a drum is heard,
Not a bugle blast is blown,
As he mounts to the chimney top like a bird,
And drops to the hearth like a stone.

The little red stockings he silently fills,
Till the stockings will hold no more;

The bright little sleds for the great snow hills
Are quickly set down on the floor.
Then Santa Claus mounts to the roof like a bird
And glides to his seat in the sleigh;
Not the sound of a bugle or drum is heard
As he noiselessly gallops away.

He rides to the East, and he rides to the West,
Of his goodies he touches not one;
He eateth the crumbs of the Christmas feast
When the dear little folks are done.
Old Santa Claus doeth all that he can;
This beautiful mission is his;
Then, children, be good to the little old man,
When you find who the little man is.

hearth (harth)	glīdes	noise′lĕss lў
găl′lops	go͝od′ĭes	mĭs′sion (mĭsh′ŭn)

SPRING

CELIA THAXTER

The alder by the river
Shakes out her powdery curls;
The willow buds in silver
For little boys and girls.

The little birds fly over,
And oh, how sweet they sing!
To tell the happy children
That once again 't is spring.

The gay green grass comes creeping
So soft beneath their feet;
The frogs begin to ripple
A music clear and sweet.

And buttercups are coming,
And scarlet columbine,
And in the sunny meadows
The dandelions shine.

And just as many daisies
As their soft hands can hold
The little ones may gather,
All fair in white and gold.

Here blows the warm red clover,
There peeps the violet blue;
O happy little children!
God made them all for you.

al′der wĭl′lōw be nēath′ scar′lĕt dăn′de lī ons

PINE NEEDLES

Paul Hamilton Hayne

If Mother Nature patches the leaves of trees and vines,
I 'm sure she does her darning with the needles of the pines.
They are so long and slender, and somewhere in full view
She has her threads of cobweb and a thimble made of dew.

BABY SEED SONG

E. Nesbit

Little brown brother, oh! little brown brother,
Are you awake in the dark?
Here we lie cozily, close to each other:
Hark to the song of the lark—
"Waken!" the lark says, "waken and dress you;
Put on your green coats and gay,
Blue sky will shine on you, sunshine caress you—
Waken! 't is morning—'t is May!"

Little brown brother, oh! little brown brother,
What kind of flower will you be?
I'll be a poppy—all white, like my mother;
Do be a poppy like me.
What! you 're a sunflower? How I shall miss you
When you 're grown golden and high!
But I shall send all the bees up to kiss you;
Little brown brother, good-by.

cō′zĭ lў ca rĕss′ pŏp′pў

MARJORIE'S ALMANAC

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

Robins in the tree-top,
  Blossoms in the grass,
Green things a-growing
  Everywhere you pass;
Sudden little breezes,
  Showers of silver dew,
Black bough and bent twig
  Budding out anew;
Pine tree and willow tree,
  Fringèd elm and larch —
Don't you think that Maytime's
  Pleasanter than March?

Apples in the orchard
  Mellowing one by one;
Strawberries upturning
  Soft cheeks to the sun;
Roses faint with sweetness,
  Lilies fair of face,

Drowsy scents and murmurs
Haunting every place;
Lengths of golden sunshine,
Moonlight bright as day —
Don't you think that summer's
Pleasanter than May?

Roger in the corn patch
Whistling negro songs;
Pussy by the hearth side
Romping with the tongs;
Chestnuts in the ashes
Bursting through the rind;
Red leaf and gold leaf
Rustling down the wind;
Mother "doin' peaches"
All the afternoon —
Don't you think that autumn's
Pleasanter than June?

Little fairy snowflakes
Dancing in the flue;
Old Mr. Santa Claus,
What is keeping you?

Twilight and firelight
Shadows come and go;
Merry chime of sleigh bells
Tinkling through the snow;
Mother knitting stockings
(Pussy's got the ball)—
Don't you think that winter's
Pleasanter than all?

larch mĕl′lōw ĭng ŭp turn′ĭng haunt′ĭng
nē′grō chĕst′nŭts rīnd flue (flo͞o)
twī′līght chīme knīt′tĭng